THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

OF

THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other Diversion interesting to

THE MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

JULY, 1808.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Article from Blandford, and a Child's Drawing, are laid aside, as unfit for publication.

We have received the Old Songs upon Cocking, Angling, &c. from a Country Correspondent, to whom we are much obliged; one of them appears this month, and the remainder will receive due attention.

Further Communications upon Campanology in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

G. Stubbs pinx^t.

W. Nicholls sculp^t.

THE LION & HORSE, FROM STUBBS.

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THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JULY, 1808.

THE LION AND HORSE.

An Engraving from a Picture of the late Mr. Stubbs.

WE have this month the pleasure to present the readers of our Magazine with another subject from the works of that incomparable artist, the late Mr. George Stubbs. The engraving (as was that of the HORSE AND THE LION, in our number for May) is by Mr. William Nicholls, from a fine enamel picture, in possession of Mr. Stubbs's executrix, and esteemed a perfect *fac-simile* of the painter, who, after a study of three-score years, has kindly left the rising genius of his country a school to rival the pride of Athens:

> "Nature, in her productions slow, aspires
> By just degrees to reach Perfection's height:
> So mimic Art works leisurely, 'till Time
> Improve the piece, or wise Experience give
> The proper finishing."

That wise experience was peculiarly the painter's own, and although he has left a thousand proofs of the truth of this bold assertion, it was his last wish that his days might be lengthened, to enable him to add more to the honour of the British school.

The principal causes of Mr. Stubbs's surpassing his cotemporaries in those studies to which he so warmly attached himself, were, his chaste delineation; his perfect knowledge of quadruped anatomy; and, if I may be allowed the expression, their passions; these were the charms that attracted his primal affections, and they reluctantly withdrew themselves at the verge of his grave. To dissect the body human was also his diligent pursuit, insomuch, that (as I have heard a relative of his declare) to procure subjects for his improvement, Mr. Stubbs has, an hundred times, run into such adventures as might subject any one with less honourable motives to the greatest severity of the law; and to shew clearly with what avidity he pursued this unsavoury study, I am enabled to state the following fact.

At the time Mr. S. lived in Upper Seymour-street, intelligence was brought him, at ten o'clock in the evening, that a dead tiger lay at Mr. Pidcock's, in the Strand, and that it was to be obtained at a small expence if he thought proper to apply for it; Mr. S. was undressing for bed when the news arrived; his coat was hurried on, and he flew towards the well-known place, and presently entered the den where the dead animal lay extended: this was a precious moment; three guineas were given to the attendant, and the body was instantly conveyed to the

painter's habitation, where, in the place set apart for his muscular pursuits, Mr. S. spent the rest of the night, in carbonading the once tremendous tyrant of Indian jungle.

About this time our painter, in conjunction with Mr. George Townley Stubbs, began a publication of much interest to the sporting world; it was called "A Review of the Turf, from the Year 1750 to the Completion of this Work; comprising the History of every Horse of Note, with Pedigree and Performance;" which, from a cause I am not permitted to mention, after two numbers, fell abortive, and was heard of no more.

To shew at once the intention of our painter, and the loss his admirers have sustained in the failure of his undertaking, I shall present the sportsman with the introduction to his work, as written by himself, and make no doubt he will lament with me that any cause should prevent the completion of his enterprise.

"At a period when protection is daily solicited for embellishing editions of various authors, it may be deemed extraordinary to submit one of a different cast to the public consideration, where the chief merit consists in the actions, and not in the language of the heroes and the heroines it proposes to record, and with whom possibly literature may exclaim, 'She neither desires connection, nor allows utility.'

"As the history of an animal peculiar to this country, it surely may put in its claim to remembrance and notice; and although the numerous volumes of Cheney and Heber, downwards, may give critical knowledge to the diligent and deep explorer, they certainly do not impart sufficient information to a superficial observer; yet both may regret that there is not a regular series of paintings and engravings of those horses, with their histories, which have been, or are now famous.

"This Review of the Turf will therefore comprise the history of every horse of note, with various anecdotes on the most remarkable races, and the whole will be embellished with upwards of one hundred and twenty prints, engraved in the best manner, from original portraits of the most famous racers, painted by Mr. G. Stubbs, at an immense expence, and solely for the above work."

It is not too late to take up the work where the proprietor thought proper to decline it, as the sources from whence the pleasure was to derive, are still clear and uncontaminated; they are the property of a lady who has the greatest right to possess them, and who is by no means inimical to the plan, as the writer can aver, being in possession of her sentiments on the subject.

Plan of the Work as intended by Mr. Stubbs.

THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN,

With great justice deemed the "FATHER OF THE TURF;" and those who are conversant in pedigree will allow, that no stallion, before or since his time, has contributed so much to the improvement of the breed of horses in this country.

He was sire of *Lath*, *Cade*, *Blank*, *Babraham*, *Bajazet*, and *Regulus*, who were all afterwards stallions of repute, and the latter (who won, in one year, seven King's

King's plates, and was never beat) proved a most excellent one, having got Adolphus, Trajan, Spilletta, the dam of Eclipse, the grand-dam of Highflyer, and many other capital horses.

He was a brown horse, fourteen hands and a half high; was first the property of Mr. Coke, and was a gift from him to Mr. Williams, of the St. James's Coffee-house, by whom he was presented to the Earl of Godolphin.

The manner by which he became known as a stallion was rather singular, as for several years he was only teazer to Hobgoblin; but on the latter refusing to cover Roxana, she was put to the Arabian, and from that cover Lath was produced.

As no pedigree was brought over with him, he was reported, and generally believed, to have been stolen.

The cat is introduced in the picture by Mr. Stubbs, on account of the extraordinary affection shewn by this horse to that animal, and which was more particularly manifested by his extreme inquietude on the death of it.

He died at Gog-Magog hills, a seat of the Earl of Godolphin's, in 1753, at the age of twenty-nine, and was buried in a passage leading to the stable.

Thus may the labours of our countryman be continued for the improvement of the arts, for the gratification of the sportsman, and the lovers of the turf, and in some degree for the advantage of one who was most respected by the subject of this paper, and who still fills the walks of life with great respectability.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

T. N.

DISPUTES BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,

On Points of Honour, &c. &c. &c.

AS we have recently had occasion to record very many instances of that serious order of social disputes which terminate in duels, we shall presume to offer some floating remarks on the establishment and infraction of that dignified principle of action, which is usually denominated *Honour!*

It has been asserted, in a French treatise on education, that honour, like light, has no definitive outline; that its boundaries are extended or narrowed agreeably to the operation of national prejudices; and that, even in a national point of consideration, it is farther subdivided by the pure or impure conception of those classes of life, who are more or less delicate in their agency, expression, and responsibility.

As *honour* cannot be said to exist without the accompanying aid of honesty and truth, it evidently relies for its basis upon the moral beauty of religion. No person, however exalted by adventitious events, or emblazoned by the decorations of heraldry, can duly claim the appellation of *honourable*, whose principle and whose action are not in perfect correspondence with the institutes of virtue.—To be thus honourably distinguished, is to be a *gentleman* in the just tenor of the word; or, in other terms, an exemplary person, whose importance is derived from the concurring homage of the wise and good, inasmuch as that homage is the result of thought, and cannot be purchased or bestowed without the impelling sanction of the heart.

Supposing an individual thus constituted

stituted and accomplished, he should certainly deem the custody of his *honour* as a sacred obligation upon his nature: but to suppose that every flippant young man, with slip-shod manners and yielding morals, is under the same necessity, is to admit a solecism in the page of reason. Were mankind to deny the possession of *honour* to those who were not morally just, we might soon witness an increase of respect on the part of the public towards the real claimants on their esteem; and a proportionate diminution of those blatant coxcombs, who sully the genuine authority of a *gentleman*, by their gross misuse of the assumed character.

We have sometimes been inclined to desire, that a local *Court of Honour* should be raised, for the essential purpose of ascertaining the weight and extent of those infringements on decorum, which are sometimes urged by those who have some reputation to maintain, and, very frequently, by such as have no reputation whatever.—Were there a court of appeal of this sort, it would serve as a species of grand jury, whose awards might save many noble and generous spirits from trouble, when annoyed by the presumptuous and the unworthy: and tend considerably to check that career of arrogance, which threatens, in the present state of things, to overwhelm the better part of society with barbarous pretensions and unfounded argument. W.

We shall, under this head, present two occurrences for the consideration of the writer of the above excellent article, and to which we trust he will next month affix such comments as the subjects demand.

Crim. Con.—Sir Arthur Paget having suffered judgment to go by default, in an action brought against him in the Court of King's Bench by Lord Boringdon, for *Crim. Con.* with Lady Boringdon, the assessment of damages took place before the Sheriff's Deputy, Mr. Burchell, and a Special Jury, on Tuesday, the 19th instant, at the office of the Sheriff of Middlesex.—Sir Arthur Paget is second son of the Earl of Uxbridge; Lady Boringdon, the second daughter of the Earl of Westmoreland.—At the time of Lord Boringdon's marriage he was thirty-two years of age; his wife, then Lady Augusta Fane, eighteen. After the statement of the dishonourable conduct of the defendant in the seduction of the plaintiff's wife, a number of witnesses were called, to prove the happy state in which Lord and Lady Boringdon lived, previous to Sir Arthur's becoming acquainted with the family; among these were, Lord Amherst, the Hon. George Villiers, who married Lady Boringdon's sister, Doctor Vaughan, Sir Wm. Elford, and particularly the Rev. Mr. Hayne, the Minister of Plympton, and Chaplain to Lord B. at Saltram, who spoke to Lord and Lady Boringdon's regular attendance at divine worship for three years, and to the perfect harmony and happiness that subsisted. Lord B. he said, was uniformly a kind and indulgent husband—Lady B. a tender and affectionate wife.

Mr. Parke was Counsel for Lord Boringdon, and Mr. Garrow for Sir Arthur. The latter made a defence almost as bad as his client's cause. He concluded his speech by representing the defendant in no condition to pay large damages, and insisted it was a case that did not require them; but whether so

of

or not, Mr. Burchell summed up the evidence, and the Jury found for the plaintiff—Damages, *Ten Thousand Pounds*.

A few days previous to the above, an action was tried in the Court of King's Bench, wherein a Mr. Walker, a gentleman of fortune, was plaintiff, and Mr. Reader, the Counsel, defendant; this also was a *crim. con.* cause, and the damages laid by Mr. Walker at 20,000l.—The plaintiff's evidence not amounting to that *full proof* of criminality between Mr. Reader and Mrs. Walker which the law requires in such cases, the Jury, under the direction of the Judge, (Lord Ellenborough) pronounced a *nonsuit*.

RACES APPOINTED IN 1808.

NEWBURY	*Aug.*	2
Taunton		2
Brighton		2
Worcester		2
Trè Madock		2
Swansea		9
Nottingham		9
Blandford		9
Oxford		9
Newcastle, Staffordshire		10
Reading		16
Derby		16
Exeter		16
York		20
Egham		23
Southampton		25
Bodmin		30
Warwick,	*Sept.*	6
Ayr, Scotland		6
Pontefract		13
Kingscote		20
Beccles		20
Lincoln		21
Doncaster		26
Carlisle		27
Dumfries	*Oct.*	3
Newmarket First October Meeting	*Oct.*	3
Second Ditto		17
Houghton Meeting		31

COCKING.

NANTWICH.

IN the race-week, a main of cocks was fought between the Gentlemen of Staffordshire, (Gosling, feeder) and the Gentlemen of Cheshire, (Harrison, feeder) for 5gs a battle, and 200gs the main; which was won by the former, 23 main and 4 byes, against 16 main and 2 byes.

PRESTON.

In the race-week, a main of cocks was fought between Lord Derby, (Goodall, feeder) and R. Legh, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder) for 10gs a battle and 200gs the main.—The following is a statement:—

Goodall.	M.	B.	*Gilliver.* M.	B.
Monday,	8	3	5	1
Tuesday,	3	0	4	1
Wednesday,	3	0	4	1
Thursday,	2	1	5	0
Total	16	4	18	3

Before fighting, even betting on the main.

NEWCASTLE.

In the race-week, a long main of cocks, fought between the gentlemen of Northumberland and those of Durham, was a drawn one.

STAMFORD.

During the races, a main of cocks was fought between the gentlemen of Middlesex, (Fleming, feeder) and the Gentlemen of Lincoln-

Lincolnshire and Leicestershire, (Faulkner, feeder); consisting of 26 main and 15 byes, for 10gs a battle, and 100gs the main; of which the following is a statement:—

Fleming.	M.	B.	*Faulkner.*	M.	B.
Tuesday, ...	5	2	....	2	3
Wednesday, ...	2	4	....	7	1
Thursday, ...	6	2	....	4	3
	13	8		13	7

FOX-CHASE EXTRAORDINARY.

THE following Fox-chase, which took place about seven weeks ago, in the counties of Inverness and Perth, perhaps exceeds any thing ever known in the annals of Fox-hunting. On the 8th ult. near Dunkeld, Perthshire, there were seen on the high road, a fox and a hound, proceeding at a very slow trotting pace. The dog was about the distance of 50 yards behind the Fox: each was so fatigued and spent that the latter could not out-run the former, neither could the former overtake the latter. A countryman, who observed them in this state, very easily caught the fox by running. Both the fox and the dog were taken to a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, where the dog received every mark of hospitality, to which his unwearied pursuit entitled him: and Reynard was placed in a garden, as a prisoner of war; but whether from over-fatigue, or from a determination not to out-live the loss of his liberty, he refused to take any sustenance, and the consequence was, that he died the day following. After the lapse of a week the dog seemed quite recovered from the fatigues of the chase; on which it was determined by the gentleman to tie a letter to the dog's neck, (for he had no collar) in which all the circumstances that passed in that place were stated; it concluded with requesting the owner of the dog, if ever he found his way home, to acquaint Mr. S—t, by post, where the fox started, in order that both the length of the chase, and the time employed in it, might be ascertained. In ten days after, Mr. S—t received a letter, informing him, that the dog had arrived safe at his master's house, in Badenoch, that he was one of the hounds of the Duke of Gordon's fox-hunter, in that country, and that the fox was started on the morning of the King's birth-day, on the top of those hills called *Mona-liadh*, which separates Badenoch from Fort Augustus. From this it appeared that the chase lasted four days, and that the distance travelled from the place where the game was sprung, to the place where it was caught, without making any allowances for *doubles*, *crosses*, and *tergiversations*, exceeded seventy miles. It is said that an application is to be made to the Duke of Gordon to enrol *Caro*, (the dog's name) among the list of his Grace's pensioners at Gordon Castle.

A chase, similar to the above, occurred in the year 1633, when a stag was run by a single greyhound out of Whinfield Park, Westmoreland, to Redkirk, in Scotland, and back again, a distance of near one hundred miles, when being both exhausted, the stag leaped over the pales and died; the greyhound, in attempting to follow it, fell back and died on the contrary side; in memory of which the stag's horns were nailed upon a tree just by, which to this day bears the name of "Hart's-horn Tree."

THE

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SPORTSMAN.

NO. VII.

Give me, by tender sympathy, to know
The secret springs of ev'ry suff'rer's woe;
My heart shall share, my ready wish relieve,
And what I want in pow'r, in pity give.
ANON.

POOR JACK THE HUNTSMAN, A PATHETIC TALE.

IT has long and frequently been the theme of moral philosophers, that the life of mankind is filled up with vicissitudes, casualties, and uncertainties; that when their minds are elated with the pleasing prospect of near-approaching felicity, eager in their expectation of pleasure and fortunate occurrences, and ready to satiate their minds with joy and gladness, some unforeseen event intervenes, and disappoints all their hopes of pleasure and gratification. The prospect suddenly lours around them, and gloomy thoughts and corroding sensations fall, with a triple force and poignancy, on minds pre-occupied in the anticipation of approaching prosperity and pleasure. It, perhaps, no less frequently occurs, on the contrary, that when we are, with anxiety and dread, looking toward the approach of calamity and sorrow, magnifying troubles and evils, and harrowing up the soul about expedients, the prospect shall as suddenly brighten, the dreaded evil never arrive, and the apprehended sorrow never lay hold on us; thus we surmount difficulties, and get through evils with ease. The man of pleasure rises in the morning, and says, we shall have much sport to-day; the chase lies in a country where game abounds, and is pleasant; esteemed and convivial friends are to join in it; the day promises fair; dogs and horses are in fine order.—The day, perhaps, proves stormy; the friends expected are detained; the dogs are unfortunate in starting the game, or, if soon started, the scent lies badly, or it takes such unaccountable turns in its progress, that the dogs are often at fault.—At the arrival of evening, he finds that the day has proved barren of amusement, that he has taken no pleasure; he is jaded and dispirited, not so much because he has had no sport, as from having been disappointed of that degree of it which he had promised to himself. But as the pleasures of the sportsman are liable to frequent contingencies, and depend so much on adventitious circumstances, he is not to be disheartened on account of one day's unamusing fatigue.

"Never, at morn, let him presume to say,
"That he shall have no pleasant sport that day."

For when amusement is least expected, the most agreeable and delightful may start up; friends drop into the chase, the object of their pursuit take the line they wish, the dogs follow in spirit without fault, and the day conclude with unwonted gaiety and conviviality.

Whoever makes any nice reflections on the occurrences of his days, will find that they are attended with similar vicissitudes and uncertainties; the philosophical sportsman meets with them as well as others, though, perhaps, not so frequently as younger men, of more active and enterprising pursuits. Some occurrence happens, or some object starts up, and affords food for his contemplative mind, at a time and place when he

he least thinks of it, as will appear at the commencement of the following tale of poor Jack.

Business called me a few miles from home, in May 1804, or 1805, and I was making my entrance on a pleasant green, prettily spotted with neat cottages and garden grounds. The morning was delightful, the sun resplendent; the larks were commencing their morning career, some nearly invisible, chaunting forth their melodious song, scarce audible, in the skies; others were just mounting, pleasing the ear more audibly and harmoniously; when, a little on my right, the voice of a man singing called off my attention from every other object; they were as sweet notes as I ever heard from a man's voice, full, made without constraint, or any attempts at art or embellishment, which gave them more native sweetness than if decorated with studied art. He seemed to be stationary while he sung the following lines:—

Bid care and sorrow keep away;
The tender heart should still be gay;
Serenely o'er it time should roll,
Where no remorse can wound the soul.

Where wrong don't cause the heart to bleed,
Misfortunes such, should never heed;
For troubles past are troubles dead,
No more to raise their horrid head.

Then banish sorrow far away,
Smile as these cheerful days of May;
Jack now is happy, void of care,
And bids adieu to dark despair.

He can't abide a fixed home,
But, like the bee, abroad must roam;
So, farewell, mother; happy be;
You soon again poor Jack shall see.

The voice ceased, and a man made his entrance on the green in the dress of a huntsman, a scarlet coat, well worn, trimmed with green, with a leathern girdle about his middle, and a hunting cap; he was trotting over the road-way, talking to a fine hound which attended all his steps. Something peculiar and eccentric appeared in his manners, which indicated a mind not under the full force and government of reason; yet his whole countenance was mild, open, and simple, without a single trait of ill-nature or viciousness. Making over the way towards a pretty garden, he called to the mistress, who was standing in the doorway, and begged a nosegay of her sweet lilies; "take as many as you please, and where you please, poor Jack," was her answer.—Poor Jack tuned his voice again, entered the garden, and, while deliberately selecting such flowers as pleased, and fixing a fine branch of the white kind fancifully in his cap, and of the purple in his bosom, he sung the following song, with great simplicity and native sweetness, whilst the old hound at his side appeared to be no less attentive to the song than myself.

The blackbird and linnet are off'ring their lays,
And the lark in the skies sounds his rapturous praise;
The ploughman is whistling, the lambs frisk and play,
All nature expands in the sweet month of May!

Sweet Spring! thou delight of the gay feather'd train,
Kind parent of plenty, the joy of each swain,
All nature around thee rejoice in thy day,
But Jack, crack-brain'd Jack, does not wish thee to stay.

Golden Summer, so rich, is now [illegible] in thy rear;
Come swiftly, so pass, and let Autumn appear;
Sober Autumn, that bends the weak shoots of the vine

With

With her dark blushing clusters, the fountain of wine.
Haste Autumn, serene, and then house up thy store,
That long tedious days with poor Jack may be o'er,
For Jack in the chase then contentment shall find,
And fatigue to his body bring peace to his mind.

Come, Autumn, and shower thy leaves on the plain,
Bring thy blue misty mornings, and soft-falling rain;
Bid the south-western wind shake the dew-spangled thorn,
And the huntsman shall rouse up the dogs with his horn:
Then the life-drops of Jack with emotion will spring,
When Ranter shall open, and make the woods ring;
To his voice I'll reply, as my heart bounds with joy,
And cry, "Ranter has nos'd him—that's it, my staunch boy."

Fox and dogs break the cover, they fly like the wind,
And Jack, panting Jack, shall come lagging behind:
But I'll aim to cross on ye, not sparing my breath,
And sometimes, thro' chance, may be in at the death.
Thus Autumn and Winter alone can impart
Those scenes to poor Jack which so gladden his heart;
Then with horses and hounds he can exercise find,
And at night sound repose, the relief of his mind.

Having finished this song, he put on his cap, with the branch of flowers nodding fantastically on the left side, thanked the woman, and set off on what is called a dog-trot. It was curiously amusing to observe the looks and motions of old Ranter, who seemed to understand poor Jack's words as well as his motions, for when he mentioned him in the song, he gave tongue, and put himself in motion.

"Poor Jack," as he styles himself," said I to the woman, "is not an unpleasant fellow; pray who is he, for you seem to know him?" "Know him! aye, master, that I do, to be sartan; why I know'd him in his cradle.—His old father and mother live only on t'other side the green, just out of sight."—"And pray, mistress, what is he called besides Jack?" "Why, Jack Sendaway," said she; "'tis strange you don't know him, when every body knows him better than any body else, seeing he's been all over the world running a'ter the hounds. Why he was a fine fellow once, man, and the old folks were so proud of him as nothing can be like it; and well they might, for the matter of that, for he set them up mainly, or they would have been as poor, and no better off, than their neighbours. But I always said as how the longest day will have a night, let folk set up themselves as high as they will; and so it has com'd to pass—however, I'm sorry for poor Jack, for he was a fine fellow when he went with the great man's hounds; but I could not bear to see the old man and woman so proud, and set up about it: why, mayhaps, said I, he may lose his place, and then he may look long enough for sitch another; and only see how things are turned about! but I little thought of his running a sort of crazy, though I always thought him a little windmill-headed, as the saying is."—Having thanked my informant, I pursued my way, forgetting poor Jack for the time, my mind being engaged in reflections on the speech just made.

Oh! envy! thought I, thou jaundice of the eye, corroder of minds, parent of foul detraction, and nurse of scandal, how I hate ye! How oft from thee does fame plume her wings, and scatter her

her pestiferous breath throughout the world, sowing discord and misery.—Horrid, yet wretched monster! to thee, this goodly scene of nature is a source of anguish and discontent; thy heart is gloomy, and thy days no better than those of the toad, that lives on the damp vapours of a dungeon.—Thou grudgest the prosperity of thy friends and neighbours, and thou blasphemously arraignest Providence with kindness and partiality, because the industry and attention of others are crowned with success, whilst thou reapest the fruits of thine own malignity, indolence, and neglect. Not so the liberal, candid mind, that joys in the prosperity of individuals, well knowing that it constitutes that of the public; that plenty makes cheapness; and that the poor man without a spot of land is a gainer by their prosperity, and in some degree becomes a sharer of the blessings annexed to good husbandry, timely industry, and attention. And why should man envy the appendages of riches, when he himself may view the sumptuous building, the gay equipage, the rising plantation, and the beautiful garden, with as great content and admiration, perhaps greater, than he who calls himself the proprietor?

From making farther reflexions on the cursed effects of envy, and the wretched condition of the envious, I was interrupted by the neat appearance of a garden and cottage at my side; a respectable-looking woman was standing just without the door, looking thoughtfully melancholy, and as though she was harkening to catch the sounds of poor Jack, which at times re-echoed across the field.—That woman, thought I, must be the mother of poor Jack; I stopped, and asked some questions, which gave her to understand that I had seen him on the green, that I had been amused with his manners and appearance, and interested myself in things relative to such singularities. This observation proving grateful to the feelings of a fond mother—"will you please to walk in, Sir," said she, "and rest you? I am able to tell you most things that have happened to poor Jack from his birth to this day."—I accepted her invitation, went in, and seated myself without ceremony; and Mrs. Sendaway, seating herself nearly opposite, began her pathetic tale, as shall appear in my next.

M.

GRAND DIVERTISEMENT AND SPECTACLE,

EXHIBITED AT LISLE, IN 1453, BY THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY,

Preparatory to the Crusade against the Mahometans.

IN an immense hall three tables were laid out, that might, perhaps, more justly be called theatres, considering the number of machines that were placed on each. That for the duke was square, and had four ornaments.

1. A church with its bell and organ, with four chaunters to play on it, and sing when their time of acting should require it.

2. A statue of a naked child, placed on a rock, who, from his "broquette pissait eau-rose."

3. A vessel larger than what would serve to navigate on the seas, having on board a numerous crew, who performed all the manœuvres as if they had been really at sea.

4. A ri-

4. A rivulet that ran through a meadow, ornamented with shrubs and flowers; rocks, studded with sapphires and other precious stones, served as a boundary to it; and in the centre was a figure of St. Andrew, from the end of whose cross spouted out a stream of water.

On the second table were seen nine ornaments.

1. A sort of pasty, in which were inclosed twenty-eight musicians, men and children, who were each to play on a different instrument during certain interludes of the feast.

2. The castle of Lusignan, with its ditches and towers; from the two smallest, a stream of orangeade ran into the ditches; and, on the highest tower, Melusina was seen disguised as a serpent.

3. A windmill placed on a hillock. A magpie was fixed on one of the sails, which served for a mark to all sorts of pessons, who amused themselves with shooting with cross-bows.

4. A vineyard, in the midst of which were placed two casks, as emblems of those containing good and evil. One held a sweet, and the other a bitter liquor. A man richly dressed, seated cross-legged on one of the casks, held in his hand a paper, by which he offered the choice of his liquors to all who might wish to taste them.

5. A desert country, where a tiger was represented fighting with a serpent.

6. A savage mounted on a camel, seeming on the point of making a long journey.

7. A man with a long pole, beating a bush, wherein many small birds had taken refuge. Near to it was an orchard inclosed by a trellis of roses, with a knight seated by his mistress's side, who caught and ate the birds the other drove from the bush. A kind of satirical allegory, ingenious enough, and which probably gave rise to the proverbial expression, "to beat the bush for another."

8. Mountains and rocks covered with hanging icicles, among which a fool was seen mounted on a bear.

9. A lake surrounded by various towns and castles. A vessel was on it, sailing with all her sails set.

The third table, smaller than the preceding ones, had but three decorations.

1. A travelling merchant, as passing through a village, with a pack on his back.

2. An Indian forest, full of automata of various animals walking about.

3. A lion fastened to a tree, near which was a man beating a dog.

On the right and left of the buffet, which was set off with vases of chrystal, cups ornamented with gold and precious stones, and an immense quantity of gold and silver plate, were two columns; one bore the statue of a naked woman, from whose right breast flowed hippocras during supper-time; the lower parts of her body were covered with a napkin, loaded with Greek letters of a violet colour.

To the other column, a living lion was fastened by an iron chain. He was there placed to guard the naked woman, as the inscription in golden letters on a shield announced —' Do not touch the lady.'

It is probable the naked woman, with the Greek letters, was intended to represent Constantinople despoiled,—the lion, who forbade any one to touch her, the duke of Burgundy,—

dy,—and the man who beat the dog in presence of the lion, Sultan Mohammed.

Beside the number of machines I have described, the hall contained five scaffolds for those spectators who were not of the supper, and particularly for the great crowds of foreigners, whom the report of this feast had brought to Lille.

On the entrance of the duke and his court, he walked about for some time to examine the various decorations, after which he sat down to the table, and the maitres d'hôtel served up the supper.

Every course consisted of forty-four dishes, each of which was lowered down from the roof by machinery, on cars painted with blue and gold, and with the device of the duke.

The moment he was seated with his guests, the bell of the church tolled, and instantly three little choristers came out of the pasty and began to sing a very sweet air, by way of grace; they were accompanied by a shepherd on his pipe. Shortly after, a horse entered, escorted by fifteen or sixteen knights in the livery of the duke. He moved backward, and bore on his bare back two masked trumpeters, seated back to back; and in this manner he made the circuit of the hall backward, attended by the knights, the two trumpeters playing all the time symphonies.

When they had quitted the hall, the organ of the church was heard, and one of the musicians in the pasty played on a German horn.—A great automata, representing an enormous wild boar, now entered, having on his back a monster, half a savage and half a griffin; and this monster bore also a man on his shoulders. They had no sooner departed than the chaunters in the church sung an air, and three of the musicians in the pasty executed a trio; one played on the doucaine (dulciana, probably dulcimer), the second on the lute, and the third on another instrument.

Such were the different amusements that formed the accompaniments to the first course: all, excepting the music, were farces foreign to the feast. Those of the second course had as little connection; but they were preparatory to the last, in which the object of this entertainment was to be pathetically explained.

The entertainment of the second course consisted of a dramatic pantomime, that represented the conquest of the golden fleece, by Jason,—a kind of allegory that recalled to the spectators the order of the golden fleece, which the duke had instituted twenty-three years before.

For this spectacle, a small theatre had been erected at one end of the hall, and which a large green silken curtain had hid from the eyes of the assembly. On a sudden, a symphony of clarions was heard behind this curtain; it was drawn up, and Jason was seen fighting with, and bringing to the yoke, two bulls, that vomited flames of fire, to whom had been committed the defence of the garden of the Hesperides. The hero next combats a monstrous dragon, cuts off his head and tears out his teeth. He then ploughs a field with the bulls he had tamed, sows there the teeth of the dragon, and instantly an army of soldiers spring from the earth, who fight together most bitterly, and alternately kill each other.

The three acts of this sort of opera did not immediately follow: the spaces between each act were filled up by interludes in the taste of

of those of the preceding. The first consisted of a youth, who entered the hall mounted on a large white stag, when they both sang a duo; then a fiery dragon, who flew round the hall. A hawking scene was next presented, when two falcons were seen to strike down a heron, which was instantly presented to the duke. All these interludes were accompanied either by pieces on the organ, by the chaunters in the church, or by the musicians in the pasty, who every time executed an air on a different instrument.

These successive spectacles, however, were but, as I have said, a preliminary amusement, — or, to borrow the expression of the two authors from whom I make this extract, were but a 'worldly pastime,' given to the spectators to entertain them until the time of the grand scene, the scene which was to explain the subject of this feast, and the real cause of it.

It was opened by a giant dressed with a turban in the morisco fashion, and clothed in a long robe of striped green silk He held in his left hand a guisarme of the antique mode, and with his right led an elephant. This animal bore on its back a tower, in which was a female to represent the church; she had on her head a white veil, after the manner of nuns: her robe was of white satin, but her mantle was black, to mark her grief. When she was come near to where the duke sat, she sang a triolet to have the giant stopped, and then made a long complaint in verse, in which, having displayed the many ills she was suffering from the infidels, she implored succour from the duke and the knights of the fleece then present.

Different officers now entered with the king at arms of the order of the golden fleece, followed by two knights of the order, each leading a damsel, one of whom was natural daughter to the duke. The king at arms bore a live pheasant, decorated with a collar of gold and precious stones: approaching the duke he made a profound obeisance, and said, that it being the custom at grand festivals to offer to the princes and gentlemen a peacock, or some noble bird, for them to make a vow upon, he was come with two ladies to offer his valour a pheasant.

The duke, in reply to this proposition, gave to the king at arms a billet written in his own hand, that he had prepared before hand, the substance of which was read aloud, as follows: He there vowed to God pre-eminent, then to the glorious Virgin his mother, and afterward to the ladies, and to the pheasant, that if the king of France, his lord paramount, or any other princes, would undertake a croisade against the Turks, he would accompany or follow them; and that he himself would combat the sultan body to body, if he would accept his challenge. The lady representing the church having thanked him, she made the circuit of the hall with her elephant, during which time almost all the princes and great lords present made vows on the bird of the most extravagant nature—such as not to drink wine, not to be seated at table, or not to lie down one day of the week, until they should have met the infidel army—or have been the first to attack it—or have overthrown the banner of the sultan—or to return to Europe without bringing with them a Turk prisoner. In short, one made a vow, (which will give an idea of the religion of these new croisaders)

croisaders) that if he could not obtain the last favours of his mistress before his departure, he would marry the first damsel he should meet that had twenty thousand crowns.

When the vows were ended, a troop of musicians entered, accompanied by a great number of lighted torches. Twelve ladies followed, every one attended by a knight; each personified a virtue. They formed a dance, and thus the festival ended.

All this noisy vain boasting had no effect. The duke levied large sums from his territories, under pretence of this croisade, and even advanced into Germany, when a convenient illness made him return home; and this pretended lion permitted Mohammed to beat the dog without any opposition.

PHILOSOPHERS ECLIPSED BY SPORTSMEN.

IN the Augustan age, the whole circle of arts and sciences comprised merely philosophy, rhetoric, mathematics, poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, and music; but as mankind made progress in refinement, the circle was considerably enlarged. The appellation of arts and sciences was conferred on the *gladiatores*, or boxers; *saltatores* and *cantatores*, or dancers and singers; *rhedarii*, or charioteers; and on those performances called *equestres* and *pedestres*, or horse and foot races. It is true that all those performances were practised among the Greeks, but the credit of linking them with the arts and sciences is due only to the moderns, who have added several others of their own invention, such as fire and stone eating, donkey-racing, gaming, duelling, calculating the long odds, quizzing a flat, and dressing in style. Our pugilists, players, opera singers, and dancers, whips, and black-legs, have all acquired or assumed the appellation of professional and scientific persons, and have almost superseded their predecessors in the patronage of great men. Philosophy can be of no use to men who have ceased to think or reason for themselves, except in the article of patience under their losses at play, and even that has given way to the bottle. All the strength and cunning of rhetoric could not parry a straight-forward hit from the arm of Belcher or Dutch Sam. Mathematics are become so familiar, that one of our stylish *whips* can imprint all the problems of Euclid with his coach-wheels on the sand, perform a curve within an inch of the edge of Dover cliffs, or cut out a fly's eye with his whip as it perches on the horse's ear; and our black-legs can calculate with the same mathematical precision the speed of horses, or the *quantum* of brains of the *flats* whom they mean to take in.

J. J. B.

Tottenham-Court-road.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS OF RUNNING FOOTMEN.

THE Romans had an *ante-ambulo*, whose express office it was to deliver messages; and also *veredarii*, who carried letters with wonderful speed; one or both of those gave birth to the *running-footmen.*

They were, however, rivalled in this nation: Mr. Smythe says, in his

his MS. Lives of the Berkelys, "Langham, an Irish footman of this Lord, (Henry Lord Berkely, in the reign of Eliz.) upon the sickness of the Lady Catherine, this lord's wife, conveyed a letter from Callowdon (near Coventry) to old Doctor Fryer, a physician, dwelling in Little Brittaine, in London, and returned with a glass bottle in his hand, compounded by the doctor for the recovery of her health; a journey of 148 miles, performed by him in less than 42 hours, notwithstanding his stay of one night at the physician and apothecary's houses, which no one else could have so well and safely performed."

Howell says, "You writ to me lately for a footman, and I think this bearer will fit you. I know he can run well, for he hath run away twice from me, but he knew the way back again; yet though he hath a running head as well as running heels, (and who will expect a footman to be a stayed man) I would not part with him, were I not to go post to the north. There be some things in him that answer for his waggeries; he will come when you call him, go when you tell him, and shut the door after him; he is faithful and stout, and a lover of his master. He is a great enemy to all dogs, if they bark at him in his running, for I have seen him confront a huge mastiff, and knock him down.—When you go a country journey you must spirit him with liquor; you must allow him also something extraordinary for socks, or else you must not have him to wait at your table; when his grease melts in running hard, 'tis subject to fall in his heels."

Lord Berkely's running footman was an Irishman. Running has ever been a favourite and necessary accomplishment of barbarous nations, and is now of the American Indians. The heroes of Fingal were great runners; so were our ancestors the Britons. Giraldus Cambrensis says, that the Welch passed days and nights in running over the tops of hills, and penetrating woods.

From the above passage in Howell it appears, that he limits the term *footman* to these pedestrians. But one footman, and that a *running one*, was kept in families after the invention of coaches; at least but one, to whom that term was generally, perhaps, applied. Taylor (the Water Poet) says, "all the serving men are converted into two or three animals, *videlicet*, a butterfly, a page, a *trotting* footman, a stiffe-drinking coachman, a cook, a steward, and a butler." In the English *Dictionarié*, or, an interpretation of hard English words, by H. C. Gent. 12mo. 1632, we have no *footman*, but a "*swift footman ceteripedian.*"

The last running footman kept in London, was one by the late Duke of Northumberland; this footman used to attend the Duchess to court. The writer of this article saw him preceding the chair of his mistress so late as the year 1763 or 4.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

JUST as a performer at the Newcastle Theatre had announced his benefit, a stranger happened to arrive at Newcastle. No less a personage than the *Prince Annamaboo* was advertised to be seen at the small price of one shilling.—Tom, without delay, waited on the propri-

proprietor of this great Prince, and for a handsome sum prevailed on him to order his Highness to exhibit his royal person on the stage that evening. The manager, with much good humour, consented, and the bills of the day stated, that "between the acts of the play, *Prince Annamaboo* would give a lively representation of the *scalping operation*; he would likewise give the Indian war-whoop in all its varied tones, the tomahawk exercise, and the mode of feasting at an Abyssinian banquet." The evening arrived, and many people attended to witness these *princely* imitations. At the end of the third act his *Highness* walked forward, with dignified step, flourishing the tomahawk, and cut the air, exclaiming, "Ha, ha!—Ho, ho!" Next entered a man with his face blacked, and a piece of bladder fastened to his head with gum; the *Prince*, with a very large carving knife, commenced the scalping operation, which he performed in a style truly *imperial*, holding up the skin in token of triumph.—Next came the war-whoop, which was a combination of dreadful and discordant sounds; and, lastly, the Abyssinian banquet, consisting of raw beef-steaks; these he made into rolls as large as his mouth would admit, and devoured them in a *princely* and *dignified* manner. Having completed his cannibal repast, he flourished his tomahawk in an exulting manner, exclaimed, "Ha, ha! Ho, ho!" and made his exit. The manager, who possessed a penetrating eye, fancied this princely personage was an impostor, and his opinion was confirmed the following day; for in the middle of the market-place he espied the most puissant Prince Annamaboo selling pen-knives, scissars, and quills, in the character of a Jew pedlar. "What, (said Mr. K—), my Prince, is that you? Are not you a pretty Jewish scoundrel to impose upon us in this manner?" Moses turned round, and with an arch look replied, "*Princh* be d—d, I *vash* no *princh*, I *vash* acting like you. You *vash* kings, *princh*, emperors to night; Stephen Kembles to-morrow; I *vash hampugs*, you *vash hampugs*, all *vash hampugs*."

CURIOUS ANECDOTES OF A POPULAR PERFORMER.

From Ryley's Itinerant; or, the Memoirs of an Actor.

——— IS so well known as an actor, that my opinion can neither add to, nor diminish his fame; were either in my power, panegyric would run through a dozen pages, and yet fall short of his merits. In some characters he is as much superior to any actor of the present day, as Garrick was to those of his time; but they are limited to such parts as suit his figure, which wants grace and proportion; where these can be dispensed with, he has no competitor. As a man in private life, he is the gentleman, the scholar, the friend, the life of every party, an enemy to scandal and detraction, and benevolent even to imprudence.

Such is ——— in his sober moments; but, when stimulated by the juice of the grape, he acts in diametrical opposition to all this. No two men, however different they may be, can be more at variance than ——— sober, and ——— in a state of inebriety. At

At these times, his interesting suavity of manners changes to brutal invective, and the feelings of his nearest and dearest friends are sacrificed. Such are the unfortunate propensities of this singular man, unfortunate, I say, because he seems incapable of avoiding them, although they have a tendency to ruin his health, injure his property, and destroy his social connections. No one can more regret these failings than he does in his hours of sanity, or make more handsome apologies; and if at night he creates enemies, his conciliatory manners in the morning are sure to raise double the number of friends.

Of this great actor many ludicrous anecdotes are related. I shall point out a few which came under my own observation.

One evening, in Manchester, we were in a public bar amongst a promiscuous company, where —— was, as usual, the life of the party. Mirth and good humour prevailed till about ten o'clock, when I perceived a something lurking in his eye which foretold a storm. Anxious to get him home before it burst forth, I pressed our departure, under the plea of another engagement; but, instead of having the desired effect, it precipitated what I had foreseen. With a haughty supercilious look, he said,—" I see what you are about, you hypocritical scoundrel! You canting methodistical thief! am I, ————, to be control'd by such a would-be puritan as you? I'll teach you to dictate to a tragedian." Then taking off his coat, and holding his fist in a menacing attitude—"Come out," continued he—" thou prince of deceivers; though thou hast faith to remove mountains, thou shalt not remove me—Come out, I say." With much difficulty he was pacified, and resumed his coat. There was a large fire in the bar, before which stood, with his coat skirts under each arm, a pitiful imitation of *buckism*, very deficient in cleanliness and costume. His face was grimy, and his neckcloth of the same tint, which, nevertheless, was rolled in various folds about his throat; his hair was matted, and turned up under a round greasy hat, with narrow brims, conceitedly placed on one side of the head, which nodded under it like a shaking mandarin. Thus equipped, the filthy fop straddled before the fire, which he completely monopolised. At length he caught the eye of our tragedian, who, in silent amazement, for the space of half a minute, examined him from top to toe; then turning to me, he burst into a horse laugh, and roared out, " *Beau Nasty*, by ——."—Perhaps intimidated by ————'s former blustering, this insensible puppy took little notice; but I knew he would not stop here, and indeed I thought the stranger fair game. ———— now rose from his seat, and taking up the skirts of his coat, in imitation of the other, turned his back to the fire, " Warm work in the *back settlements*, Sir," said he; then approaching still nearer, as if he had some secret to communicate, whispered, though loud enough for every one to hear, —" Pray, Sir, how is soap?"—

" Soap?"

" Yes, Sir, soap; I understand it is coming down."

" I am glad of it, Sir."

" Indeed, Sir, you have cause, if one may judge from your appearance."

Here was a general laugh, which the stranger seemed not to regard, but noddling his head, and hitting his

his boots with a little rattan, rang the bell with an air of importance, and enquired "if he could have a *weal kitlet*, or a *matton chip*?"

"What do you think," said ———"of a *roasted puppy*? because," taking up the poker, "I'll spit you, and roast you in a minute."

This had a visible effect on the dirty beau—he retreated towards the door, ——— following.—"Avaunt, and quit my sight; thy face is dirty, and thy hands unwashed; avaunt! avaunt! I say." Then replacing the poker, and returning to his seat, he continued, "Being gone, I am a man again."

It happened that Perrins, the noted pugilist, made one of the company this evening; he was a remarkably strong man, and possessed of great modesty and good nature. The last scene took such effect on his imagination, that he laughed immoderately. ———'s attention was attracted, and turning towards him with his most bitter look—"What do you laugh at, Mr. Swabson? hey? why, you great lubber-headed thief, Johnson would have beat two of you! laugh at me! at ———! come out, you scoundrel!!"

The coat was again pulled off, and putting himself in an attitude, "this is the arm that shall sacrifice you." Perrins was of a mild disposition, and knowing ———'s character, made every allowance, and answered him only by a smile, till. aggravated by language and action the most gross, he very calmly took him in his arms, as though he had been a child, set him down in the street, and bolted the door. The evening was wet, and our hero without coat or hat, unprepared to cope with it; but entreaty for admission was vain, and his application at the window unattended to. At length, grown desperate, he broke several panes, and, inserting his head through the fracture, bore down all opposition by the following witticism:—"Gentlemen, I have taken some *pains* to gain admission; pray let me in, for *I see through my error*." The door was opened, dry clothes procured, and about one o'clock in the morning we sent him home in a coach.

KILLING A HORSE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JULY 13.

Before Chief-Justice Ellenborough.

Cumbers *v.* Gullan.

THIS was an action to recover from the defendant the value of a horse which he had hired of the plaintiff, and which, it was alledged, had died in consequence of excessive fatigue or improper treatment, which it had experienced while engaged in the journey for which it had been hired by the defendant.

The claim was two-fold—1st, That the contract, which was to carry the horse only to Woolwich, had been improperly extended—2d, That the horse had experienced improper treatment.

The young gentleman who rode the horse, being released from any responsibility, declared, that he had ridden him with the utmost care, that he had not over-ridden him, and that, except on one stage of the journey, when, in consequence of signal guns being fired on Woolwich Common, the horse had taken alarm, he had never whipped or spurred him to any excess. He had been going to the house

house of General Hulse, and had exceeded the journey to Woolwich. On opening the body of the horse, which exhibited marks of indisposition the following day, and died on the third day subsequent, there was observed a failure of the lungs, as if arisen from inordinate fatigue. To the time of his death, from the period of the journey in question, the horse had been unable to perform any work.

Lord Ellenborough was clearly of opinion, that the first point, as to the defendant's having exceeded his contract, amounted to nothing. A person entering into such an agreement did not stipulate that he should not go a mile or two beyond the place specified. As for instance, it could hardly be contended, that a person hiring a horse to Richmond was not entitled to cross the bridge to Twickenham. All that was meant was, to give some idea of the length of the journey to be undertaken. As to the other count, which regarded improper treatment and excessive fatigue, he left it with the Jury to consider of it.

The Jury, after deliberating for some time, found a verdict for the plaintiff. Damages, 32l. being the value of the horse.

ANECDOTES.

From Hall's Travels in Scotland.

A Petty practitioner of the law in Stirling, being proprietor of an estate in a neighbouring parish, sent his proportion of the stipend to the clergyman by the hands of the hangman. When the hangman, who, here, as well as in most other places, is neither a respectable nor a popular character, and who is seldom seen without the walls of the town where he resides, was approaching the minister's house, the servants and all in the house were much alarmed, except the clergyman: and when the hangman knocked at the door, it was like the sentence of death.—As every body had run with fear and trembling to hide themselves, no one could be found to let him in. However, he was at last admitted. Upon being desired by the clergyman, (Mr. Frame), of Alloa, to come in, he informed him he had been sent by Mr. J. C—l, with his proportion of the stipend. Finding the money good and the sum due, being asked for a receipt, Mr. Frame wrote, "Received from Mr. C—, through the hands of his agent and factor, the hangman of Stirling, the sum of 30l. sterling, &c." But it seems that, the year after, the gentleman judged it unnecessary to send his money by his former agent.

It was, and still is a custom in many places in the Highlands, that whoever comes into a house after a person dies, and before such person is interred, as also after a child is born till it is baptised, must eat and drink in the house before they leave it. This being the custom, to save expences, and because they think it disrespectful to God to have an unbaptised child in the house, poor people generally have their children as soon baptised as possible. But it happened once to a poor man in this part of the country, that a river, as is often the case, ran between his house and the clergyman's, so that neither the poor man could get to the clergyman, nor the clergyman to the poor man, in order to have the child

child baptised. The river was swoln by the gradual melting of the snow, and there was no bridge within twenty miles. The poor man's cheese, his bread, &c. was nearly expended; he, therefore, on the one side of the river, and the clergyman on the other, consulting what was to be done, agreed that the child should be brought to the river side; that the father, presenting the child, should take on the vows, as they term it, and the minister, with a scoop or Dutch ladle, should throw over the water; which was done, though with difficulty, owing to the breadth of the river; after which, the clergyman pronounced the name, prayed aloud, so as to be heard by the parent and his attendants on the other side, after which each went to their respective homes, perfectly satisfied with this new mode of baptism, and that, if the child died in infancy, it would go to heaven.

Being invited to dine with a gentleman, near Auldern, when I was praising the sallad, which I found extremely good, he said, smiling, "You need not be afraid; it is not dressed with castor oil." Upon enquiring what he alluded to, he told me, that a gentleman and his lady in the neighbourhood, who sometimes, as is the case in inland places, where there are no resident doctors, when any of their tenants are sick, recommend an emetic, or the like, to them, and at their own expence afforded the medicine. This gentleman, having an appeal to the house of peers about a large estate, was at London; and, as he gained the process, and was about to return to Scotland, he bought some gallons of castor oil, to lie at his house, and be served out as occasion should require. Upon his arrival in Scotland, as it is natural, all the nobility and gentry, who were acquainted with him, came to dine with him, and congratulate him and the family on so many thousand pounds yearly being added to their fortune. When mostly all the genteel families for twenty miles round had paid their compliments to him in this manner, and he and his lady found leisure to hear the complaints of those sick people that applied to them, he found that some castor oil might be useful to a person that had come to consult them. Upon this, he rang the bell for John, the servant, who appearing, and being desired to bring some castor oil, replied, it was all done. "Done!" replied the gentleman; "do not you know there is a keg of it lately come from London?" "Yes, but if it please your honour, that one is done too." "How can that be?" replied the gentleman, in a passion? "Why, sir, you have had such a round of company almost every day since it came, and always sallad at table, that it is all gone." "Don't you know it is castor oil I want, and that the name is written in large letters on the cask?" "So it is," replied the servant; "but, as your honour knows, it was for the *castors*, and dressing the sallad: it is all gone."—It should be added, for the credit of the oil, that the gentleman and his family had never in their life a better summer's health, nor the people who visited him."

Effects of a Sermon.—The Rev. Dr. Thomas Bisset, late minister of Logie Rait, had been preaching to his congregation, against not only stealing, but all manner of fraud, circumvention, and roguery. A little after he had returned to the manse,

manse, a servant came, and told him that Rob Roy was at the door, and wanted to speak with him: this was a noted drover, or dealer in cattle. Robert being called into the parlour, immediately explained the purpose of his visit to the minister, before his son and some other persons who were present. Oh! sir, said he, you made that preachment against me. You have heard of my cheating that poor woman, Widow Robertson, in buying her only cow. I took advantage of her not knowing the price, and of her being in want of money, and I got it at little more than half value, as you clearly shewed this day. What shall I do to make her amends?—Give her back the cow, said the worthy pastor, and allow her time to pay you back the money you gave her.—Would that, reverend sir, make up for my cheatry, and save me from all the punishment on this account that you was preaching about?—I dare say it might.—Then, sir, said he, to make sure work, I will give back the cow without the price, and keep from such tricks hereafter.—This resolution he actually performed.

FOWLING:

A POEM, IN FIVE BOOKS.

Descriptive of Grouse, Partridge, Pheasant, Woodcock, Duck, and Snipe Shooting.

ANXIOUS to gratify our judicious readers, we have availed ourselves of this elegant little work, just published. We think it an excellent appendage to Somerville's Chase, as it improves upon the beauties of that writer, without adopting any of his blemishes.—With Mr. Somerville, the author observes, he has ventured to differ essentially; "he has not enlarged his work by the introduction of any foreign modes of shooting, and he has avoided all extraneous ornaments and classical allusions. It was a home scene he wished to delineate, and Nature and Sport were the only figures in the picture."—The author observes, he will not disgust the liberal mind by meanness and servility. The illiberal he is proud enough to deem beneath his notice; and were he to address them at all, he says it should not be in his own words, but in those of the author to whom he is already indebted for his motto:—

"Magnos canibus circumdare saltus."

The following are the contents of the first book; and, as a specimen of the author's manner of treating his subject, and his mode of versification, an extract will be found from his first book, in our poetical department for this month.

Contents.—Subject proposed and invocation of nature.—Address to sportsmen in general, and fowlers in particular.—Justification of fowling, and reproof of prejudice and false sensibility, with a short admonition to sportsmen not to suffer the prey to linger in dying.—Grouse shooting throughout the day described.—Morning shooting—Finding the pack, and killing.—Reproof of boastful and exaggerating sportsmen.—Breaking off at noon, retiring to shelter, and fowler's repast.—Vulgar superstition, and belief of the existence of the heath hounds.—Simple and pedestrian fowling commended.—The grouse described, with directions for shooting.

ing. Afternoon shooting—finding and killing.—Breaking off at sunset, and return home.—Summer evening, with rural sights and sounds.—Concludes with the close of day.

HARMONIOUS CHANGE RINGING.

THE Oldham Youths, some time since, challenged the College Youths, change-ringers of Ashton-underline, to ring them Mr. John Holt's ten-course peal of grandsire tripples, of 504 changes each, making a complete peal of 5,040 harmonious changes.—The Collegians of Ashton-underline accepted the challenge to ring the above peal for 40 guineas, which was staked, and who have since completed it in the finest style of ringing, and in the quickest time, on the new peal of eight bells, at St. Michael's church, Flixton, on Friday June the 24th, 1808.—Weight of the tenor bell, 14cwt. 2qrs. 24lb. net bell metal.

This wager had caused a spirit of emulation between these two fine and loft-ringing Societies; and various trials were made of their skill previous to the decision.

The College Youths of Ashton-underline took the lead first (in practice); on Sunday the 15th day of May, they rung at their village, a complete peal of Mr. John Holt's grandsire tripples, in ten courses, containing 5,040 changes, which was finely completed in the quick time of two hours and 35½ minutes.

On Monday the 16th day of May, the Oldham Youths rung at their village, a complete peal of Mr. John Holt's grandsire tripples, in ten courses, containing 5,040 changes, which was well rung in the quick time of two hours and 38 minutes.

On Tuesday the 24th day of May, the Ashton College Youths ascended St. Michael's tower, at their villa, and rung well Mr. John Holt's ten-course peal of grandsire tripples, containing 5,040 changes, in the quick time of two hours and 34 minutes.

Early in the morning of the 29th day of May, in honour of the old English oak, the Oldham Youths ascended St. Paul's Gothic tower, at their villa, and rung a fine peal of Mr. John Holt's grandsire tripples, composed of 5,040 good pleasing changes, which was completed in the quick time of two hours and 29½ minutes.

On the morning of the same day, the College Youths of Ashton-underline, ascended St. Michael's fine Gothic tower, also in honour of the ancient English oak, and most nobly brought round a fine-rung peal of Mr. John Holt's grandsire tripples, in ten courses, containing 5,040 beautiful changes, in the quick time of two hours and 29¼ minutes.

On Saturday June 4th, in honour of his Majesty's birth-day, the Oldham Youths again ascended the Gothic tower at their village, and completed a fine peal of Mr. John Holt's grandsire tripples, containing 5,040 changes, which they finely rung in the quick time of two hours and 29½ minutes—in the ten-course method.

On Thursday June the 9th, from a friendly invitation the College Youths of Ashton-underline paid a visit to Mottram, in Cheshire, and a select eight of them ascended the neat and Gothic tower at St. Mary's Church, in that romantic village,

village, and rung a charmingly fine peal, in ten courses, of Mr. John Holt's grandsire tripples, in the very wonderful quick time of two hours and 23½ minutes.—The average speed of ringing this peal was thirty-five changes each minute, and towards the close of the peal, thirty-six changes a minute, being the best and quickest ringing ever performed in this kingdom.

The College Youths of Ashton-underline, being highly pleased with their excursion to, and treatment at the romantic village of Hilly Mottram, in Longdendale, Cheshire, they paid a second visit on Sunday morning, June the 19th, and highly delighted the natives in that part of the country with another remarkably fine-rung peal of Mr. John Holt's grandsire tripples, in ten courses, containing 5,040 harmonious changes, which they completely and most nobly again brought round in the astonishing quick time of two hours and 23½ minutes.—Weight of the Mottram tenor, 13cwt. net bell metal.

THE ARTISTS WERE AS UNDER:—

Ashton College Youths.

Treble.—Mr. Jonathan Wild
2. Mr. Thomas Dewsnap
3. Mr. Samuel Moss
4. Mr. Thomas Hammond
5. Mr. Aaron Walker
6. Mr. Joseph Burgess
7. Mr. James Moss
Tenor.—Mr. Charles Greaves
Conductor.—Mr. Jonathan Wild.

Weight of the Ashton tenor, 12cwt. net bell metal.

Oldham Youths.

Treble.—Mr. James Taylor
2. Mr. Robert Coope
3. Mr. Henry Hindle
4. Mr. Joseph Newton
5. Mr. William Rigby
6. Mr. Joshua Kershaw
7. Mr. John Whitehead
Tenor.—Mr. James Gartside
Conductor.—Mr. Joseph Newton.

Weight of Oldham tenor, 13cwt. net bell metal.

The above eight peals being rung for practice, we must now approach towards the day of decision. —Both companies of ringers met on the ground at Flixton, on Thursday, June the 23d, 1808, and each alternately ascended the Gothic tower of St. Michael's Church, and rung practice peals, according to their articles of ringing, during the day.

On Friday, June the 24th, early in the morning, both societies met and cast lots, which company was to ring first.—The Oldham Youth, had the first inning, and they ascended St. Michael's Gothic towers at this village, and completely brought round a fine and true-rung peal of Mr. John Holt's grandsire tripples, in ten courses, containing 5,040 changes, which they performed according to the articles of agreement, and in the quick time of 2 hours, 32 minutes, and 50 seconds.

The College Youths of Ashton-underline, ascended St. Michael's Gothic tower, and rung a superlatively fine half peal, (say 2,520 changes) made the single in fine stile, and rang most nobly fine to the 21st treble lead of the sixth course, when the conductor of the peal called a bob two treble leads too soon, which threw the bells out of course, and then they were obliged to call bobs irregularly afterwards for some time.—The two last courses were rung true, after all the miscalling; the single at last completely made, and round at the change of 5,012, being the two treble

treble leads short of the whole peal, (or 28 changes) which intitled the Oldham Youths to the wager of 40 guineas, and was paid to them by the decision of the four censurers and umpire, who were as follow :—

Ashton-underline Censurers.

Mr. Thomas Ogden, of Ashton-underline.

Mr. John Moss, of Ashton-underline.

Oldham Censurers.

Mr. Daniel Bamford, of Middleton.

Mr. John Amellows, of Oldham.

Ashton Treble Lead taker down.

Mr. Joseph Tebbs, from Leeds.

Oldham Treble Lead taker down.

Mr. Jonathan Hague, of Manchester.

The Grand Umpire for both parties, and sworn to do justice, was Mr. Joseph Grayson, silver plater, of Birmingham, but formerly of Sheffield, Yorkshire.

The Ringing Artists for this Wager, at Flixton, were as follow :

Ashton College Youths.

Treble.—Mr. Jonathan Wild
2. Mr. Thomas Dewsnap
3. Mr. Samuel Moss
4. Mr. Thomas Hammond
5. Mr. Aaron Walker
6. Mr. Joseph Burgess
7. Mr. James Moss
Tenor.—Mr. Charles Greaves
Conductor.—Mr. Jonathan Wild.

Oldham Youths.

Treble.—Mr. James Taylor
2. Mr. Robert Coope
3. Mr. Henry Hindle
4. Mr. Joseph Newton
5. Mr. William Rigby
6. Mr. Joshua Kershaw
7. Mr. John Whitehead
Tenor.—Mr. James Gartside
Conductor.—Mr. Joseph Newton.

Weight of the tenor, 14cwt. 2qrs. 24lb. net bell metal.

Time of Ashton ringing, 2 hours, 34 minutes, and 2 seconds.

The Society of College Youths of Ashton-underline received the following flattering testimonial from Ralph Wright, Esq. Justice of Peace, at the village of Flixton, on this ringing occasion.

" Mr. Wright has the honour to present his best compliments to Major Lees, and to request that he will take the trouble to divide *ten guineas* among the Ashton-underline ringers, as a small compliment due to their merit, on this day, in delighting the village of Flixton with their most excellent peal of Holt's grandsire tripples.

" *Flixton, Midsummer-Day*, 1808."

N. B. The inhabitants of Ashton-underline, and the change-ringers, conjecture that the conducting of the peal of Mr. John Holt's 5,040 changes, was wilfully lost at Flixton on the above day, and the Ashton College Youths purpose challenging the Oldham Youths to ring them again, the same peal, for *one hundred guineas*, on their own peal of eight bells, at Oldham, off hand, with another conductor.

DIALOGUE ON A DOG, BETWEEN A LADY AND A LAWYER.

Lady F—. I Was walking, Sir, this morning in the Mall, when a certain extraordinary Lady, whose actions are always of a very extraordinary nature, was pleased in a most peculiar manner to steal my lap-dog from me.

Counsellor

Counsellor G—. Steal your lap-dog, Madam! I protest a very extraordinary action indeed! and pray, Madam, what could induce her to be guilty of such misbehaviour?

Lady F—. Induce her!—She wants no inducement to be guilty of any thing that is audacious and impudent. But, Sir, I desire you will immediately commence a suit against her in Chancery, and push the affair on with all possible rapidity, for I am resolved to recover the dog if it costs me ten thousand pounds.

Counsellor G—. Madam, undoubtedly your ladyship does right to assert your property, for we should all soon be reduced to a state of nature; if there were no courts of law, and therefore your ladyship is highly to be applauded.—But there is something very peculiar in the nature of dogs. There is no question, Madam, but they are to be considered under the denomination of property, and not to be deemed things of no value, as ignorant people foolishly imagine; yet, I say, Madam, there is something very peculiar in their nature, Madam. Their prodigious attachment to man inclines them to follow any body that calls them, and that makes it so difficult to fix a theft. Now if a man calls a sheep, or calls a cow, or calls a horse, why he may call long enough before they would come, because they are not creatures of a *following nature*; and therefore our penal laws have made it felony with respect to these animals; but dogs, Madam, have a strange and undistinguishing proneness to run after people's heels.

Lady F—. Lord bless me, Sir, what do you mean by following people's heels? I do protest that she took him up in her arms, and carried him away in defiance of me, and the whole Mall was witness of the theft.

Counsellor G.— Very well, Madam, very well; I was only stating the case fully on the defendant's side, that you might have a comprehensive view of the whole affair, before we came to unravel it again, and shew the advantages on the side of the plaintiff.—Now, though a dog be of a *following nature*, as I observed, and may sometimes be tempted, and seduced, and inveigled, in such a manner as makes it difficult—do you observe me—makes it difficult—I say, Madam, to fix a theft on the person seducing, tempting, and inveigling; yet, whenever property is discovered and claimed, if the possessor refuses to restore it, on demand, to the proper lawful owner, there an action lies, and under this predicament we shall recover our lap-dog. If, therefore, Madam, this lady, whoever she is, A. or B. or any other name that suits our purpose—if, I say, this extraordinary lady, as your ladyship just now described her, took your dog before witnesses, and refused to restore it, on demand, why then we have a lawful action and shall recover damages. Pray, Madam, can you swear to the identity of the dog, if he should be produced in a court of justice?

Lady F—. Yes, Sir, I can swear to him against a million, for there never was so remarkable a dear creature!

Counsellor G—. And pray, Madam, what is the colour of your dog?

Lady F—. Black and white, Sir.

Counsellor G—. A male or female, Madam?

 Lady

Lady F—. I cannot positively tell, Sir.

Counsellor G—. Well, Madam, I will search my books for a precedent, and wait on you in a few days to receive your final determination.—I will certainly use my utmost endeavours to reinstate you in the possession of your lap-dog.—*(Aside)* What a b—!

EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.

A Very novel species of duel has lately taken place at Paris.—M. de Granpree and M. Le Pique having quarrelled about Mademoiselle Tirevet, a celebrated opera dancer, who was kept by the former, but had been discovered in an intrigue with the latter, a challenge ensued. Being both men of *elevated* mind, they agreed to fight in *balloons*, and in order to give time for their preparation, it was determined that the duel should take place on that day month. Accordingly, on the 3d of May, the parties met in a field adjoining the Thuilleries, where their respective balloons were ready to receive them. Each, attended by a second, ascended his car, loaded with blunderbusses, as pistols could not be expected to be efficient in their probable situations. A great multitude attended, hearing of the balloons, but little dreaming of their purpose; the Parisians merely looked for the novelty of a balloon race. At nine o'clock the cords were cut, and the balloons ascended majestically, amidst the shouts of the spectators. The wind was moderate, blowing from the N. N. W. and they kept, as far as could be judged within about 80 yards of each other. When they had mounted to about the height of 900 yards, M. Le Pique fired his piece ineffectually; almost immediately after, the fire was returned by M. Granpree, and penetrated his adversary's balloon; the consequence of which was its rapid descent, and M. Le Pique and his second were both dashed to pieces on a house-top, over which the balloon fell. The victorious Granpree then mounted aloft in the grandest stile, and descended safe with his second, about seven leagues from the spot of ascension.

FEMALE PUGILISM.

Copy of an Advertisement in a Diurnal Print, in June, 1722.

CHALLENGE.

I, Elizabeth Wilkinson, of Clerkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me on the stage, and box me for *three guineas*; each woman holding *half-a-crown* in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle.

ANSWER.

I, Hannah Hyfield, of Newgate-Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, *God willing*, to give her more blows than words—desiring home blows, and from her no favour; she may expect a good thumping.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

THE Judges who do not attend in the Court of Session in Scotland, or give a proper excuse for their absence, are, by law, liable to a fine. This law, however, is never enforced, but it is common, on the first day of the Session, for the absentee to send an excuse to the Lord President. Lord Stonefield having sent such an excuse, on the President mentioning it, the late Lord Justice Clerk said, in his broad dialect, "What excuse can a stout fallow like that hae?" —"My Lord," said the President, "he has lost his wife." The Justice replied, "Has he? that is a gude excuse indeed; I wish we had a' the same."

In Ireland, *flying the kite* is used as a cant phrase for raising money on accommodation bills. Lord Redesdale, when Irish Chancellor, enquiring, in the course of a trial, the meaning of the phrase, was informed by Mr. Plunket, that in England the wind raises kites, but in Ireland, *kites raise the wind.*

An Irish paper observes, that the best mode to *prevent* school-boys from being drowned, is to take care that they be not suffered to go *into the water.*

A fellow being recently condemned to be publicly whipped, addressed the Judge thus:—"My Lord, I'll submit to the punishment if you insist upon it, but I don't like it; I might have been a good scholar now, if I had been fond of that *amusement* at school."

Extraordinary Apology.—In a Welch paper, a country butcher asks pardon of a gentleman, for having sold to him, in Swansea market, a loin of veal, under the kidney fat of which he had stuffed a quantity of rags and paper so artfully, that the joint was dressed before the trick was discovered.

A stage-coach master at Oxford, infected with the classical enthusiasm which pervades that celebrated seat of the muses, has affixed to his vehicles a recommendation from Martial—"*Ride si sapis.*"

Royal Chastity.—M. Segrais, in his Memoirs, relates that a certain preacher, making a panegyric on Louis XIII. and praising his chastity, gave the following example:—"This Prince, playing one day at shuttlecock with one of the ladies of the Court, and the shuttlecock having fallen into her bosom, she desired that his Majesty would take it out himself. But what did this chaste Prince? To avoid the snare, he took the tongs from the chimney corner, and by means of that instrument prevented the danger to which he might have otherwise been exposed from such a temptation."

Anecdote of Lord Shaftesbury. The history of this nobleman, in the Biographia Britannica, is a kind of

of panegyric on him; but a *bon mot* of himself conveys the truest idea of his character. Charles the Second said to him one day—"Shaftesbury, I believe thou art the wickedest fellow in my dominions."—He bowed, and replied, "Of a *subject*, Sir, I believe I am."

A YOUNG Lieutenant, meeting his Captain in the street, enquired where he meant to dine? "I shall step into the first coffee-house," said he. — "How does the *stuff* hold out (said the Lieutenant); have you enough for two?"—"Why, 'faith, the stuff runs rather low."—"Come, (said the other) I will take you to a *chape* bit of a shop of my own, where you will be *well used*." He accordingly took him into a house, and ordered two plates of beef. The Captain, not at all satisfied, told his companion, that he had not used him well, in taking him to a cook's shop; "and especially (continued he) as I visit in this part of the town, and frequently dine with my Lord *Such-a-one*, in the next square. Suppose one of my Lord's servants should come in, and see me here?" Be *asy*, (returned the other) and *ate* your *bafe*. Do you think any of my Lord *Such-a-one*'s servants would set a foot in such a *blackguard* place as this?"

A GENTLEMAN, who was going to a masquerade in Dublin, in the character of a piper, was stopped by the populace near Carlisle-bridge, to whom he very politely exhibited himself, and, in the spirit of his character, played them a tune on his bagpipes, which they were so well pleased with, that a party of coal-porters and flour-porters insisted on taking him into a house on Aston's Quay, where they made him play for them until four o'clock in the morning, when falling out among themselves, and having got drunk, they broke his bagpipes and his piper's mask, and he retired to rest without the enjoyment of a ball or supper, for which he had purchased his ticket of admission.

A PUNSTER being told that a friend of his, a *clumsy fellow*, had distinguished himself in the management of a *convivial* company, replied, "No wonder; he was intended by *Nature* to be a *Chairman*."

ON A LATE PUBLICATION.

AH! Brewer W—B—D, are you one of those
That broach dull politics in duller prose?
Freely I'll spend my sixpence for your beer;
But sixpence for your nonsense is too dear.

RIGID ECONOMY.—The lady of a celebrated banker in town, who is no less desirous of accumulating wealth than her lord and master, engaged a maid-servant on trial for a month. The lady wishing to inform the woman on what principles the house was conducted, told her that the most rigid economy was observed therein—as for instance, the ashes are never to be carried away till they are thoroughly *riddled*, and in order to save your clothes from being soiled in the operation, your master has appropriated an old great coat, for the purpose of wrapping yourself in, and a large wig for covering your head.—"Alack-a-day!" observed the girl, "should I agree to this, I am afraid the next step of his economy would be, to search the

the great coat, and the wig too, for the remains of his cinders."

A NEW Mode of pounding Pigs. —The following is given as a specimen of a pig-fancier: — A small grunter, the property of a publican in Manchester, on one of the late race-days at that place, strayed near one of the sacred edifices, a church; the sexton, no doubt with the purest intention, though without warrant or mittimus, lodged the profane trespasser a prisoner in the church steeple, till a more convenient opportunity, when he might remove him by *habeas corpus*. As the *swinish multitude*, (according to Mr. Burke) are a little tenacious of their liberty, so it happened in this instance: the poor prisoner not only made a lusty outcry, but thrust his anti-mosaic carcase through one of the orifices of the belfry, and, like thousands of the world, fell a sacrifice to his struggles for freedom, fatally tumbling upon some iron spikes beneath.

THE following curious and laconic letter was sent, some years since, to Mr. Herbert, manager of an itinerant company of players, by Mr. Collins, better known by the name of Brush Collins, lately deceased:—

"Sir — Fortunately for your company, I am disengaged. I am up to Melpomene, down upon Thalia, twig Farce, and smoke Pantomime. They say I am a very good figure, and I never saw a looking-glass that contradicted that report. To have me now is your time or never.—Your's, &c."

A GENTLEMAN being told that the poor Curate's horse was dead, and having purchased a black pad of the name of Beelzebub, said, "Send *Beelzebub* to the Curate, and tell him to work him as long as he lives."

PETITION of the Tutelary Genius of Hyde-park, to the Surveyors of Woods and Forests—*Humbly sheweth*—That the domain, commonly called Hyde-park, including Rotten-row, the Serpentine, and thence extending to Kensington-gardens, and thence round to Oxford-road and eastward by Park-lane, has, from time immemorial, been deemed a free open park, with liberty of ingress and egress to all his Majesty's well-dressed and well-mounted liege subjects, male and female, of all ages and sexes, without discrimination, and that one-half of the good citizens of London have no idea of woods, or forests, or lakes, or rivers, but what they receive from their Sunday visits to said Park.

That it has been the favourite haunt of lovers, accustomed in all ages to unfold their passion, unheeded and unobserved by every eye but that of the sparrow that chirrups on the branches of the spreading oak, or the snow-white swan who glides majestic upon the bosom of the river.

That it has been long the seat where wounded honour has sought reparation, exhibiting deeds of courage worthy of the greatest heroes.

That the betrayed damsel, the dishonoured husband, the broken merchant, and the despairing lover, have been accustomed to seek in Hyde-Park a *quietus* for all their cares, by suspension from a tree, or a plunge in the Serpentine.

That the *Belles* and *Beaux* of the metropolis here mix in sweet confusion; the city fair catching the *airs* of the West end of the town;

town; while consumption, care, and loss of appetite, vanish before the breezes that play without restraint or limit over its verdant surface.

Your Suppliant further sheweth, that a rumour prevails of an intention to erect a line of large houses round the said Park, by means whereof it will become a mere inclosure, differing only in extent from Leicester-fields or Golden-square, and that the benefits and advantages above stated, with many others, will thus cease and determine.

That a lady or gentleman can, in such event, no longer make love in Hyde Park, without being exposed to the malice of all the old maids in the row.

That the desperate and unfortunate cannot drown themselves but in sight of the public.

That the man of honour cannot be shot, or shoot his antagonist, in private; and Chalk Farm must possess a monopoly of duellists.

That the air, now fresh as the breeze from the mountain, must lose its purity, and become mixed with the steam from the luxurious kitchens and fœtid offices of the surrounding edifices.

That Hyde Park, long a scene of health and recreation, will thus lose all its attractions, and with its attractions all its visitors and admirers.

Your Suppliant, therefore, humbly hopes, that said plan of Brick and Mortar may not be adopted; And your Suppliant will ever pray.

A Publican's Reasons for not permitting Card-playing in his House.—"You amused yourselves all last night upon *All-Fours*, but I am determined not to *Putt* up with such behaviour any longer. What is worse than all the rest, you even *Brag* that you have not been in bed all night. Gentlemen, I like to *Laugh and lay down* as well as any of you, but I can see no reason why I am to sit up all the night, and not have a *single deal* in *Matrimony*. You are all *knaves*, from the *highest* to the *lowest* of you, and you must not think to make *game* of me in this manner. By such *tricks* as these you will forfeit all your *honours*, and dig your graves with your own *spades*. If your pockets were full of *diamonds*, you are within an *ace* of ruining yourselves. In short, you deserve to be well *clubbed*, for having the *heart* to treat me in this manner, and the *curse of Scotland* attend you; for the *Deuce* take me if I will bear it any longer, but will *Drive the Knaves out of Doors*."

A soldier, the first time he was at a battle, said, "Of all the sports of the field, *man-shooting* he liked the least."

STRONG BEER, AN EPIGRAM.

NO wonder, cries Ned, we're poison'd by beer,
If you look to the process of hops thro' the year:
'Tis blubber and horse-dung that rear up the plant,
Which is brought to perfection by brimstone, you'll grant.
But the Brewer, not finding these nauseous enough,
Has *Coculus Indicus*, *Quassia*, and *Snuff*.

Dr. Browne courted a lady unsuccessfully for many years, during which time he every day drank her health; but being observed at last to omit the custom, a gentleman said, "Come, Doctor, your old toast." "Excuse me," said he; "as I cannot make her *Brown*, I'll *toast* her no longer."

WIN-

WINNERS OF ROYAL PLATES, AT YORK,

FROM 1710 TO 1807.

To the EDITOR of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following is a complete List of the Horses, &c. that won the Royal Plates at York,* from their first commencement, in the year 1710, to 1807, inclusive; the insertion of which in your next Number, will oblige Your old Correspondent,

W. P.

York, July 20, 1808.

1710 Sir Matthew Peirson's Bay Bolton,† by Grey Hautboy

1711 Mr Hall's Sampson, } Sires unknown
1712 Mr Watson's Farmer, }

1713 Mr Græme's Champion, by the Harpun Arabian

1714 Mr Childers's Duchess, Mr Peirson's Foxhunter, Mr Young's Shy, and Mr Moore's Dragon, with two others that were distanced, started; when the former two ran four heats, and the latter two ran three heats each; after which the Plate was disputed, in consequence of the riders of Duchess and Foxhunter, Robert Hesletine, and Stephen Jefferson, shewing foul play, and fighting on horseback:—A law-suit ensued, and all bets were agreed to be withdrawn:—It was afterwards agreed by the Court (before which the cause was heard) that the Plate should be divided, when the owners of the above horses, &c. sold their shares for 25gs each; two of whom were purchased by the Duke of Rutland, one by the Earl of Carlisle, and the other by Sir William Lowther, Bart. who agreed that the same should be run for over again in the year 1719, by horses, &c. of their own breed.

* The first commencement of the Races at York, took place in the year 1709, and the Course was over Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings, about a mile and a half North of the City.—In the year 1710, the first Gold Cup given by her Majesty Queen Anne was of 60gs value; and afterwards of 100gs value, and run for by six-year old horses, &c. carrying 12st each, the best of three four-mile heats. In 1721, his Majesty, George I. gave 100gs in specie, in lieu of the Gold Cups.

† Bay Bolton was only five years old, and beat eight six-year old horses, a case at that time very rare, especially in a county then renowned above all others in the kingdom, for producing high-bred horses, and the greatest number of them.—He was sold to the Duke of Bolton, who sent him to Newmarket, where he won a match against the Duke of Somerset's Wyndham; one against Sir M. Beirson's Merlin; and two against Mr. Frampton's Dragon.—He was afterwards a famous Stallion.

1715 Duke of Rutland's Brocklesby, by Mr Curwen's Bay Barb
1716 Mr Honywood's True-Blue, by his White Turk, *out of Mr Bowes's Byerly Turk Mare.*
1717 Duke of Ancaster's Great-Head.—Sire unknown
1718 Duke of Rutland's Coneyskins, by Mr Lister's Turk
1719 In July, Lord Carlisle's Buckhunter, by the Bald Galloway.—This was the Gold Cup alluded to above.
1719 In August, Lord Carlisle's Buckhunter*
1720 Mr George Witty's Merryman, (afterwards called the Witty Gelding)—Sire unknown
1721 Mr Raikes Fulthorpe's Woodcock, by Merlin
1722 Mr Duncombe's Hazard, *alias* Dart, by the Bald Galloway
1723 Lord Tankerville's Sophonisba, by Mr Dyer's Dimple
1724 Mr Honywood's Young True-Blue, by his White Turk
1725 Mr Williams's Squirrel by Snake
1726 Sir Michael Newton's Bald Jack, } Sires unknown
1727 Mr Rickaby's Kiss-in-a-Corner, }
1728 Mr. Alcock's Spot, by his Arabian, (sire of Old Crab)
1729 Mr Bathurst's Robinson Crusoe, by Jigg, (sire of Partner)
1730 Mr Humberson's Stump, by Mr Darley's Manica
1731† Lord Lonsdale's Monkey, by his Lordship's Bay Arabian
1732 Mr Bathurst's Diamond, by Jew Trump
1733 Duke of Bolton's Syphax, by Bay Bolton
1734 Captain Appleyard's Conqueror, by Lord Portmore's Fox

* Buckhunter, *alias* the Carlisle Gelding, also won the King's Plates at Lincoln, at Newmarket in October, and at Newmarket in April following:—After which, he won several Plates and Matches there, and supported the severity of running trials at Newmarket for many years; and when sold from thence, though *fourteen* years old, he won *eighteen* Plates and Prizes; and when running for a Plate at Salterley-Common, near Stilton, he broke a leg, (after winning the first heat) which deprived him of his life in the year 1731.—Though Buckhunter was in a very high form, yet there were horses of his time that would beat him; but he had rarely an equal, and hardly ever a superior, with relation to those principal points of being capable of running with all degrees of weight, or supporting repeated heats, of travelling and running often, and continuing the whole for so great a number of years, and to the age that he did.—The excessive spirits of his youth rendered him almost ungovernable, and caused him to be castrated, which lost to breeders a promising English Stallion. Buckhunter was rode for the above King's Plates by Mr. Match'em Timms, who was greatly esteemed as a Jockey, and afterwards for training.—*Pick's Turf Register.*

† At York, in August, 1730, in consequence of heavy rains, the River Ouse was so much swelled as to overflow great part of the Course on Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings, which made it necessary to postpone the racing for Wednesday's Plate until Saturday:—After which, it was agreed, that the Races, should, in future, be run for over Knavesmire, a short distance South from York; where a Course was planned by Mr. Alderman Telford, and very much approved of.

1735 Lord

1735 Lord Portmore's Croke, by Mr Darley's Skipjack
1736 Duke of Bolton's Goliah,* by Lord Portmore's Fox
1737 Mr Panton's Cato, by Mr Croft's Partner
1738 Lord Weymouth's Scrutineer, by Mr Darley's Aleppo
1739 Mr Proctor's Smallhopes,† by Mr Bartlett's Childers
1740 Mr Marley's Ragman, by Young Greyhound
1741 Mr Constable's Cottingham, by Mr Hartley's Blind Horse
1742 Mr Croft's Forester, by Mr Hartley's Blind Horse
1743 Mr Hutton's Phantom, by Hobgoblin
1744 Miss Betty Routh's Othello, by Hawksworth's Oroonoko
1745 Mr Vavasour's Champion, by the Duke of Bolton's Goliah
1746 Sir Marmaduke Wyvill's Primate, by Young Belgrade
1747 Sir W Middleton's Squirrell, by a Son of Bay Bolton
1748 Lord Portmore's Highlander, by Victorious
1749 Mr Jenison's Joseph Andrews, by Roundhead
1750 Mr Routh's Looby, by the Duke of Bolton's Looby
1751 Sir William Middleton's Thwackum,‡ by a Son of Bay Bolton
1752 Sir Marmaduke Wyvill's Antelope, by Young Belgrade
1753 Lord Rockingham's Scampstone-Cade, by Cade
1754 Mr Fenwick's Duchess, by Lord Portmore's Whitenose
1755 Sir William Middleton's Whistlejacket, by the Duke of Bolton's Mogul.
1756 Mr Williams's Forester, by Mr Croft's Forester
1757 Duke of Kingston's Prince T'Quassaw, by Snip
1758 Duke of Devonshire's Atlas, by Babram
1759 Mr William Preston's (of York) Hero, by Cade
1760 Mr Swinburn's Belford, by Cade
1761 Mr J. B. Warren's Fearnought, by Regulus
1762 Duke of Kingston's Manby, by Blank
1763 Mr Sotherton's Elephant, by Regulus
1764 Hon. Francis Charteris's Favourite, by Tartar
1765 Hon. Francis Charteris's Blank, by Blank
1766 Mr Egerton's Aurelianus, by Attilus, (a Son of Regulus)
1767 Mr Beatson's Alexander, by Lot, (a Son of Young Sweepstakes)
1768 Mr Osbaldeston's Ragman, by Matchless
1769 Mr Bland's Diana, by Regulus.

* It was a remarkable circumstance, that in the year 1736, there were only *ten* Royal Plates in England, for six-year old horses, &c. 12st. the first of which was won by Mr. Hartley's Whitefoot, at Newmarket, in April, and the remaining *nine* by the Duke of Bolton's Goliah and Merry-Andrew.

† Smallhopes beat Lord Portmore's Spectre, (&c.) who was backed at 20 to 1.—During the time of running, there were thirty coaches, with six horses to each, upon the Course, besides a great number of others with four horses, &c.

‡ Thwackum was the first horse, and the only one in this list, that walked over for the King's Plate at York, until 1770.

To be concluded in our next.

YOUNG DUCKS ALARMED.

AN ENGRAVING.

THIS pretty plate, as may be observed by the writing, is from a painting by Mr. Northcote, and engraved by H. R. Cook. It is a fanciful production, and as the subject explains itself, illustration is unnecessary.

ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

MR. Gordon, founder of the hospital that goes by his name in the city of Aberdeen, was, perhaps, one of the greatest misers that ever appeared in any country, and, from his extreme attachment to riches, is still spoken of by the name of *Sillerton*.

This eccentric being was a well-informed man, and fond of reading, but would on no account be at the expence of a candle.—As good luck would have it, a cobler lived immediately below the miser's garret; Sillerton bored through his floor, and thus availing himself of Crispin's lamp, enjoyed his favourite amusement. The use of a fire he never indulged himself in, even during the extreme rigours of winter. As a substitute for this necessary element, he kept in his garret a hamper, or creel, full of stones, which he carried about the room on his back, until he felt himself sufficiently warm. A pennyworth of *butter-milk*, in summer, generally served to dilute all his victuals for eight days. One Monday, whilst Sillerton was from home, a half-starved rat got at the precious bowl, and made a greedy repast (such a delicious banquet seldom fell to his lot in this miserable abode of famine) but having over-ate itself, it tumbled into the bowl, and, like Gray's immortal tabby, met its destined fate! Sillerton returned immediately after the melancholy accident happened, ran to his bowl, found it half empty, and the expiring robber drenched in the costly liquid. The enraged miser seized the rat by the head with one hand, whilst with the other he squeezed the milk into the bowl from the shoulders to its tail, saying, "D—n ye, ye sha'nt get off with that!" And then making the ill-fated animal disgorge what it had drank, thus preserved a scanty supply for his porridge during the remainder of the week!!

This wretched character at last died of a surfeit, after *dining at the house of a friend.*

RURAL SPORTS.

AT Thrale Fair, Somersetshire, on the Monday, there was an unusual display of gymnastic talent, to as numerous a field of amateurs as ever was witnessed on any similar occasion. At six o'clock in the morning the pastimes commenced, with a damsel-race for *chemises*; then several matches of single-stick playing took place for various prizes, the greater part of which were won by Male and Robson, scientific players. A pitched battle was fought at noon, betwixt Robinson, a yeoman from the west, and Harnold, a coachman, for 20 guineas a side. This match was diverting to the lovers of the sport, as it lasted two hours without intermission. The combatants were fresh young men of promise, who had never before been pitted, and they proved themselves

J. Northcote Pinx.ᵗ H. R. Cook sculp.ᵗ

Young Ducks Alarmed

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selves to possess no inconsiderable knowledge at *giving* and *taking*. Each alternately had the best of the contest, and their powers did not forsake them until the combat had lasted one hour and a half. The contest was continued half an hour longer, when Robinson was declared the victor.

At Boughton-Green Fair, the building of Saunders's Booth for the exhibition of his company of Equestrians, in consequence of being too much crowded with company, gave way, and many persons were precipitated in the space below. The wife of a Quarter-Master had a foot completely severed from the leg at the ancle joint; a man had his thigh broken, and his wife her leg so dreadfully crushed, that it was obliged to be amputated; three other persons had limbs broken, and many were shockingly bruised.

ATTACHMENT IN DOGS.

INNUMERABLE instances of this animal's sagacity have been produced in every age, but a stronger instance than the following, has, perhaps, never yet been heard of.

A few months ago, the Rev. Duncan Ferguson, who was Missionary in the Island of Bonbicula, South Uist, Scotland, on Queen Ann's Royal Bounty, being taken very ill, and not entertaining any hopes of recovery, he signified his wish that his body should not be interred among the Roman Catholics in that Island, but that it should be carried to Carnish, and interred in the magnificent but ruined cathedral of that place. After his death, his corpse was accordingly laid in the ancient consecrated ground, which was distant five miles from the place where he died, and was separated therefrom by an arm of the sea, fordable indeed at low water, but at high water sufficient to navigate a vessel of 400 tons burthen. The only faithful companion that Mr. Ferguson found in that island was a large Newfoundland dog, which did eat of his own meat, drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a child. This grateful animal followed his lamented master's body to the grave, where he remained howling a day and a night.—A neighbour, more kind than others, pitying the attached, but starving animal, forcibly dragged him away, and carried him to his own home, from whence, after refusing to take any nourishment, taking the first opportunity of flying to the speechless tomb, he swam across the sound, and, on the fourth day after his master's interment, he was found also dead, and lying across the grave.

A singular instance of the sagacity of a Newfoundland dog occurred a few days since on the River:—As Mr. Cook, who keeps a tavern, in Cleveland-street, and a party of friends, were returning from Richmond, where they had been spending the day, the boat upset a little below Kew Bridge, in consequence of Mr. C. (who is a very corpulent man) shifting from his side too suddenly. Having a Newfoundland dog on board, the faithful animal immediately laid hold of his master, and took him on shore, and returned again with an astonishing speed to the boat, and continued to go backwards and forwards until he had rescued six men from their perilous situations in less than a quarter of an hour, to the admiration of a multitude of spectators.

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE mowers have, this summer, been dreadful enemies to the incubation of partridges. In many places, these birds have suffered their heads to be cut off with the scythe, rather than be driven from their eggs, some of which were afterwards taken from the nests, and have been hatched under hens.

The Duke of Queensberry, so long known on the town and on the turf, where, during more than sixty years, he has held a distinguished place, is much declined in his health. His faculties continue, however, at near eighty-four, to be as vigorous as ever.

Lord Middleton has taken the moors belonging to the late Mr. Darley, of Aldby Park, which are held to be amongst the best in England. His Lordship having sold his stag-hounds, has established a pack of fox-hounds in the country formerly hunted by Lord Vernon.

Irvine Races, Scotland, were attended by a very numerous and gay assemblage of nobility and gentry. A large subscription is raised for next year's sport; and the Stewards are, Lord Elphinstone, Sir John Maxwell, Colonel Brisbane of Brisbane, and Robert Wallace, Esq. of Kelly.

Stamford.—The Races were most numerously and fashionably attended; the horses, &c. were in high condition, and the heats extremely well contested. The Macaroni Stakes (rode by gentlemen) afforded great amusement, and the noted Jeffery Gambolla, rode by Dr. John Willis, won, it was supposed, entirely by jockeyship, as the race was most arduously contested at the distance-post, and the odds were very high on Mr. S. S. Prime, who rode Longitude, a beaten horse, in a very superior style. Mr. Prime and Dr. John set off immediately after the race, to ride at Bibury.

An unfortunate accident happened at the above Races. Shortly previous to the appointed time of the horses starting on Monday, the barouche belonging to Arthur Annesley, Esq. was overturned, and several ladies in it were thrown out with violence. Miss Fanny O'Brien, we are concerned to say, was much hurt by the fall.

At Kelso Races, the two 50l. Plates were won by Mr. Collinson's ch. h. Streamer, by Star, 5 yrs old, beating several others.—*A more particular account will be given in our next.*

There was much company at Lamberton Races, and we are informed that next year there will be four 50l. Plates run for, and a Hunters' Stakes, to which there are already ten subscribers.

There will be no Races at Musselburgh this year, as the Course will not be completed in due time.

Romney Races afforded but little sport, there being only two well-contested heats. The only accident of any consequence observed

served on the ground, was the upsetting of a respectable country banker's gig, which was actually dashed to pieces. He had entrusted the reins to a military friend, generally supposed a good whip, but as it was after dinner, we imagine the *Son of Mars* had sacrificed too freely to the *God of Wine*. We are happy to add, neither of the gentlemen was materially hurt.

A WRITER for the London newspapers at Brighton, thus announces the coming races at that place:—"The Pavilion Stakes at Brighton Races will be one of the most sportive of the season. Some of the first horses in the kingdom will start for these Stakes, among which are, the Duke of Grafton's Vandyke, the beaten favourite for the Derby Stakes at Epsom, and Pan, the winner of those Stakes. The interest is excited betwixt these horses, both of which are entered for the Pavilion Stakes. The sporting men at Epsom backed Vandyke against the field, and the betting was 20 to 1 against Pan, which horse is said to have won in the following manner:—Vandyke was making play during the last half mile, and, amongst the multiplicity of horses, none were supposed to have any chance except one, which Vandyke's rider had got the whip hand of, and, to make a tolerable race, he held Vandyke back, whilst the other horse was trying every effort to win. During this contention, Pan's jockey, a cunning Yorkshireman, rode on the right side of the other two horses, and when within a few yards of the coming-in post, let loose and won the heat, without Vandyke's jockey being aware that Pan was near him, his attention being stedfastly fixed on the horse before described.—Some thousands are depending on the next race, and the odds are betted freely on Vandyke.

WEDNESDAY, the 6th inst. was Huntington Feast—a pleasant and salubrious village near this city.—On the occasion, Mr. Knapton, of the Star Inn, well known to most gentlemen of the turf, gave a most liberal entertainment to many of his friends at his farm there; and who were much gratified by a view of some of his blood stock by Delpini and Paynator; two colts by the latter are the most promising we have for a long time seen, especially the brown colt, out of a Beningbrough mare; grandam, sister to Old Tatt. During the course of the afternoon, many loyal and sporting toasts were drank; and his friends from York and the neighbourhood returned to their homes, highly gratified with the entertainment of the day.—*York Herald.*

AT the Beverley Midsummer Fair, the show of horses was pretty good for the time of the year, and all the good ones of sufficient size and bone for barouche-horses were greedily purchased at high prices: these are now a never-failing article.

DRIVING.—This rage is increasing daily. The gentlemen now all affect the dress of *coachmen*; and friends who attend them imitate the appearance of the *mail-guard*, with a strap and a horn.—The style for the carriage is to be a resemblance of the mail, in colour and furniture, and the box to have a *sack-cloth* for a seat, and the pole to have *chains* to it, which is called—"the music of the bars."

ON

On Wednesday, the 29th ult. thirteen Members of the Whip Club assembled in Audley-square, with their carriages and four.—They started about two o'clock from thence for Bedfont, to dine at the Black Dog Inn. Sir Henry Peyton led the way with his four handsome greys.

A new Club is just established in town, in opposition to the Barouche Driving Club, called "The Four-in-hand." They are violent opponents of each other in the articles of reins, whips, and harness, but it is difficult to say which Club "kicks up the greatest dust."

On Monday, the 27th ult. a well-contested foot-race was run on Leicester course, between Jas. Shipley, of Nottingham, and the Brighton Shepherd. The distance was seven score yards, for 120 guineas a side. The odds were, previous to the day of the race, 5 to 4 against Shipley, but on the day of starting, the odds turned in favour of him. It was won by Shipley only by two yards.—Shipley beat the Brighton Shepherd once before, on Lord's Ground.

Some time ago, a singular wager was laid by a Mr. Kerr, of Greek-street, Soho, that he would start from Storey's Gate, and walk once round the railings of St. James's Park, three times over Westminster-bridge, three times over Blackfriars-bridge, three times round St. Paul's, three times over London Bridge, and row a wherry through the three bridges, within two hours. He started on Saturday morning, the 2d instant, at six o'clock, and arrived at Storey's Gate twenty minutes within the time. A number of bets depended.

On Monday, the 4th instant, a trotting match against time took place on the Hampton-court Road, a mare, the property of Mr. Nooks, of Holborn, having been backed to perform four miles in fifteen minutes, for 50gs. The match was a very close one, and lost only by a few seconds. Before starting, bettings were in favour of the performance.

A foot race, for ten guineas, distance forty rods, took place on Thursday the 14th instant, in the Dean John Field, Canterbury, between Mr. John Chapman, and Mr. Allen Engeham, which was won with ease by the latter, although Chapman was to give his antagonist one rod and a half at coming in.

The foot race between Benjamin Coleman, of Canterbury, and —— Milgate, of Maidstone, was decided on Saturday evening, the 9th instant, in favour of Coleman, who beat his antagonist very easily.

During the present month, a young man from Hampshire, undertook, for a wager of ten guineas, to go from London to the eight-mile stone on Shooter's Hill, and back again, in one hour and three quarters; when he started at fifteen minutes past five o'clock, arrived at Shooter's Hill eight minutes after six, and after resting a few minutes started afresh, and arrived at the starting-post five minutes before seven.

Fatal Bet.—On Friday evening, the 8th instant, about seven o'clock, a gentleman undertook, for a trifling wager, to over-leap the railing of St. James's Park, opposite the Guard House, Buckingham Gate—the gentleman took a smart race, but unfortunately not clearing the rails, one of his legs was completely broke, and he was besides much hurt.

hurt. He was immediately carried in a state of insensibility to the Westminster Hospital.

A RACE of one mile against time was performed on the 27th instant, in the Park, by Mr. Torrens, of St. James's, who undertook for a stake of 20 guineas, to do the mile in five minutes, at two starts, and to rest half a minute. He did the first half mile in two seconds less than half the time, and he did the first mile in four minutes and forty-five seconds. Bets were against the performance.

ON Monday, the 27th ult. a wager for 20 guineas, was decided, by setting off three pigeons, belonging to a young man named Wilson, in the Borough, who undertook, for the above sum, that they would fly 35 miles in one hour. They were accordingly set off the same evening, at five o'clock, five miles beyond Tunbridge Wells, and arrived again at the residence of their owner in the short space of 53 minutes, being seven minutes within the time allowed.

A PIGEON match took place at Hareford, Middlesex, on Friday, the 1st instant, for a wager of one hundred guineas, between Messrs. Joseph and Adams, known shots, at 21 birds each. It was an extremely well-contested match, as the last bird was required to be killed to give Mr. Adams the stake. Joseph killed 14 successive birds, and missed three others. His adversary killed 19, he having missed only the second and tenth birds.

PUGILISM.—On Monday morning the 11th instant, a pitched battle was fought at Roemash, Berks, for 50 guineas, between a Worcestershire professor, of six feet in height, of the name of Gee, against Rhodes, a West-countryman. The match was made on the 16th ult. between Captain Stunt, on the part of Gee, and a gentleman of the name of Glede, on the part of Rhodes, who is no more than five feet six inches in height. The exhibition was of very short duration, Gee having been beat in a manner not often witnessed, in a few minutes. Rhodes, who is a teacher of this elegant pastime, planted his hits, and got away with such dexterity, that his adversary, who proved a game novice, was vanquished in twelve minutes, and carried away in a state which will not induce him again to enter into a similar combat.

ON Monday afternoon, the 27th ult. a desperate battle was fought near Pennyfields, Poplar, between two journeymen carpenters, of the names of Smith and White. Smith received a violent blow on the head, and was killed on the spot. White has surrendered himself.

ON Monday the 18th instant, a pitched battle, for 40l. was fought on Kirsted Green, Norwich, between William Underwood, a jobber, of Seething, and John Chase, a horse-breaker, of Brooke; the cause of their fighting was some words and a few blows on the Castle Ditches, the Saturday preceding. Hall was second to Underwood, and Warton to Chase. The battle commenced at fifteen minutes past five o'clock in the afternoon.—They fought eighty-five rounds; and it lasted two hours and two minutes.* During the first sixty rounds, Chase was so much the favourite, that the bets were two to one in his favour; in the ten succeeding rounds he however received several severe blows in the face, and his right eye was completely closed.

closed. Underwood was considerably beaten about the body, had been much punished, in the cant phrase, by a blow under the left ear, and both of them appeared so weak as to be scarcely able to stand; the contest was, nevertheless, continued during fifteen more rounds, when Chase gave in, being completely exhausted. Upwards of 1000 amateurs were present.

MONDAY morning, July 25, a well-contested battle was fought in a field near Bermondsey, for ten pounds, between Wallis, a journeyman tanner, and Simmonds, a retail coal dealer, both residing near the scene of action. These two combatants, who are allowed to possess some scientific knowledge in the bruising art, met in consequence of a quarrel that happened on Saturday night, at a public-house in the neighbourhood, about a 5l. note, which the latter was accused of secreting, after it had been paid to him by the former in a mistake, when they agreed to decide the dispute by fighting for double the sum which had caused the altercation. At the commencement, odds were greatly in favour of Simmonds, till the sixth round, when he received a violent blow in his neck, which left him for several seconds unable to move: he, however, stood up again with great resolution, and after a few more severe rounds was, with seeming reluctance, obliged to yield to the superior skill of his antagonist.

A FEW days since, at a public house in Brighton, a man ate, in 7 minutes and a half, raw, with their whites, 101 hens' eggs, which were provided at the expence of a person in company, and severally broken into a cup for that purpose. After having swallowed 61, he voluntarily agreed to pay double the price of the other 40, if he failed in eating them; and having accomplished his task, offered a bet that he would eat 40 more.

A SMITH, in the employ of Messrs. Tomlins, London, on Friday se'nnight, undertook for a wager of one guinea (and the loser to pay for the beer) to drink a butt of porter, of 108 gallons, in six days, being at the rate of eighteen gallons per day, and, extraordinary to say, he performed the disgusting feat with apparent ease.

A JOURNEYMAN carpenter, at Glasgow, lately, for a trifling wager, drank seven gills and a half of whiskey, and died in consequence a few hours after.

CRICKET.—The grand match in Lord's Ground, for one thousand guineas aside, on Thursday the 30th ult. and two following days, between nine of the Homerton Club, with T. Mellish, Esq. Lambert, Hammond, and T. Walker, against eight of the county of Essex, with Lord F. Beauclerc, B. Aislabie, Esq. G. Burrell, Esq. Beldam, and Pontifax, was decided in favour of the latter by forty-three runs.

ANOTHER grand match was played in the above ground, on Monday the 4th instant, and two following days, between eleven of the county of Surrey against eleven of all England, for one thousand guineas aside, which was decided in favour of the former, by sixty runs.

ON Thursday the 7th instant, a grand match of cricket was played at Mr. Aram's Ground, Montpelier, for 300 guineas aside, between eleven gentlemen of the Friday's Mary-le-bone Club, and eleven gentlemen

gentlemen of the Tuesday's Montpelier Club, which was won by the latter by ninety runs.

Rowing Match.—On Tuesday, the 12th instant, at five o'clock in the afternoon, four four-oared cutters started from Blackfriars-bridge, to contend for a silver cup, given by the proprietor of a public-house at Milbank. The competitors, who were young aquatic amateurs, exhibited much strength and skill in their favourite amusement, having pulled to the King's Arms, on the Bank, in four heats, during which the Hope was the winning cutter. The three winning boats were to have decided the match by another heat, but it was considered too dark that night, and the parties agreed to defer the final trial till another day.—The River was covered with boats, and the Bank crowded by spectators.

A remarkable instance of the fatal effects of the introduction of virulent animal matter into the human system, lately happened in the case of James Grey, a shepherd, in the service of Mr. Archbold, of Hetton, who, in the act of skinning a sheep which had died of disease (the thorter ill), and was at the time in a state of putrescence, accidentally cut one of his fingers with the knife. The effect of the poisonous matter was truly astonishing; for on his going home in the evening he complained to his wife, "that he had inoculated himself, and already began to feel the bad consequences of it over all that side of his body on which the finger was cut." At five the next morning, medical assistance was sent for, but no kind of relief could be given, and with such rapidity did the mortrific matter attack his system, that he became a corpse, in the highest degree of putridity, by eleven o'clock that day, being less than twenty-four hours from the introduction of the matter.

A melancholy instance of the effects of canine madness has lately occurred in the neighbourhood of Ledbury.—A girl, about nine years old, whose parents live near the above place, was bit in the mouth, on the 15th of May, by a pointer bitch, which immediately afterwards ran off towards Ledbury, and in passing through the town, bit several dogs: the bitch was shot at and wounded, but made her escape; and it being apprehended she was mad, the girl was taken to the sea, and the usual methods of cure resorted to; a little time after her return home, symptoms were observed which rendered it more than probable that the remedies used had failed: she refused to eat her food, but snapped at it: during the forenoon on Wednesday she foamed at the mouth, and in the afternoon of the same day expired in convulsive agonies.

That symptoms arising from the bite of mad animals do not take place at certain periods, is demonstrated by the following occurrence:—On the 23d of March, a cow, the property of Mr. William Chalk, at Milton Chapel, was bit by a mad dog, which Mr. C. succeeded in killing at the time; from that period the cow has never shewn the least symptom of derangement, till the early part of the present week, when, from its wild conduct and appearance, with a spumous saliva running from its mouth, there remained no doubt but it was attacked with the hydrophobia; and it was consequently put into a place of confinement,

 where

where it now remains in a state of raving madness.

Hedgehogs. — The following fact will prove, that these quadrupeds are not so innoxious as several of our historians declare them to be; and that charges alledged against their race, by gamekeepers, warreners, and others, may have been well founded. A short time since, a servant of Mr. Ellis, of Cooksbridge, Sussex, hearing a noise among some chickens, of a size nearly fit for the poulterer, got up to discover the cause, when he found a large female hedgehog, in the act of killing one of the fowls, and with the body of another which she had killed lying bleeding by her. Mr. Ellis had previously lost upwards of thirty young ducks, which he has now no doubt fell martyrs to the same depredator, or to some of her family. 'Tis unnecessary to add, that the man executed immediate vengeance on the prickly thief.

To the Curious in Natural History.—Lately were found, at Charlton, near Somerton, in a quarry belonging to Mr. John Cary, the vertebræ and part of the ribs of a large fish, enclosed in a fragment of a blue rock. This singular phenomenon is now in the museum of Lieutenant-Colonel Woodforde, at Galhampton, who supposes, from the magnitude of the spondyles, and the ribs, that the fish, when entire, must have measured nine or ten feet in length, and weighed two or three hundred pounds.

Court of Exchequer, July 13.—George Harrop was accused of shooting a hare, without a game certificate. No defence being made, he was convicted, and ordered to pay 20l. being the penalty appointed by Act of Parliament.—James Vade, and several others, were prosecuted for similar offences, found guilty, and ordered to pay their respective penalties.

Singular Occurrence.—A singular occurrence took place with the Edinburgh mail-coach, this month. A gentleman having a gun-case, had persuaded the servants of the coach to place it behind the coachman's seat, to prevent its rubbing. They had not proceeded far from Newark, where the passengers dine, when one of the outsides, who sat upon the roof, smoking his pipe, the embers fell on the gun-case, which was wrapped in a mat, containing under it three pounds of gunpowder, in separate parcels, one of which exploded, and blew the man from off the roof, and the driver and another on the box, precipitately into the road. The guard, with praiseworthy exertion, stopped the horses, and proceeded to cut away the gun-case, being told by the passengers that there was more powder; when another pound blew up, and on getting it off to the ground, the third exploded; fortunately no other injury was sustained than the coachman spraining his ancle, and the guard burning his hand. The rule with mail-coaches is, not to suffer any luggage on the outside; little can be said to a simple gun-case, though, in this instance, it might have proved serious; but the servants of public carriages are very reprehensible in suffering passengers to smoke on the journey.—A lamentable circumstance lately occurred, in the like manner, to a baggage-waggon in Hampshire.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

GROUSE SHOOTING.

From a Poem lately published, entitled "Fowling."—(*Vide* p. 175.)

THE pleasing labours of the sylvan war
Wag'd by the fowler on the feather'd race,
Through the revolving seasons, summer's heat
And winter's cold, I sing. Assist my song
Nature, great goddess! and if still thy pow'r
From the first dawn of reason my rapt soul
Has duly own'd, if ever to thy name,
Midst woods and wilds and streams, has offer'd up
With sacred rapture vows and incense meet
On altars never rear'd by human hands,
Breathe thy blest influence on my rising strain!
Lovers of Nature, and the cheerful sports
Her wide domain affords! whether the chace
Fill your whole souls, or the swift silent folk
That dwell beneath the wildly wand'ring streams,
Oft mixing with the main, call forth your skill,
Attend my lay; let no ungen'rous pride,
No narrow prejudice, forbid your hearts
To sympathise with mine, for I your sports
Admire and love. Oft at the dawn of day,
Rous'd by the cheerful horn, my bounding steed
Receives me eager through the doubling chace
O'er hills and vales and far extended plains
Or deep entangled depth of woods remote,
With joyous heart to press the flying prey.
Nor less when genial spring revives the world,
And rising in a robe of fleecy clouds,
Spun by the dewy fingers of the south,
The sun begins his course, with silent step
Along the river's misty banks I stray
By many a pebbly ford, or rushing fall,
Or still deep pool by crowding alders screen'd,
And from his chrystal bed the spotted trout
Solicit, or the salmon silver bright.

But chief ye brother sportsmen to my song
Give ear; ye, who the far resounding gun
And faithful dog attending, love,—who chase
Nor o'er the earth, nor through the wat'ry plains
Your game, but through the spacious realms of air
Pursue it, and when vainly deem'd secure
On wind-swift pinions borne, with steady aim
Unerring hurl it to the ground, attend!
Whilst by experience led, the Muse unfolds
Your ever-varying sport; nor that alone,
But ev'ry rural charm shall she pourtray:
Now pausing on some mountain's brow sublime,
Now in some silent glen, or at the source
Of some clear nameless stream, the while she marks
Around her rise ten thousand sights and sounds
Unseen, unheard, unheeded, and unknown;
For she has witness'd oft the earliest dawn
And latest close of day, with ev'ry change,
Through ev'ry season beautiful and new,
Of vale or upland, field or forest wide.

Gen'rous and bold as varied is your sport,
Ye fowlers! manly strength your toils require;
Defiance of the summer's burning sun

And

And winter's keenest blast, of hail or storm,
Of ice, or driving snow; nor must the marsh
That quivers to your step deter you, nor the brake
That seems impervious, in whose thorny depth
You struggle long, and lose the cheerful day,
'Till bursting through, again the sylvan scene,
Tranquil and smooth, re-opens to your view.
Well are those toils repaid, when by your side,
Or underneath your crouching spaniel's feet,
That strongly manifests his eager joy
With gestures eloquent, you view your prey
With rapt'rous eye,—or when at day's decline,
Your bag well fill'd, with step sedate and slow
Along the beaten village path you pass,
As the light lingers in the western sky,
And see far off your dusky home arise.

Be silent Prejudice, nor call our sport
By any term severe;—Bigot forbear;
Nor dare arraign us at your angry bar!
Has the Creator made, himself, the grant
Of ev'ry living thing, fish, fowl or beast,
To lordly man, and shall your vain decree
Annul the grant? And ye, who proudly boast
Of feelings delicate, and most refin'd,
Ye male or female SENSIBILITISTS,
Who shrink and shudder at the fowler's sport,
Yet from your doors unpitied, unreliev'd
Turn the poor vet'ran, whose best blood has stream'd
For your security so ill deserv'd,
Blush and be silent:—blush again with shame
When you reflect upon the cruel cates
Your tables often yield, with which the Muse
Will not pollute her strain. One only hint
She gives; sportsmen, be merciful in death,
Nor ever let your prey breathe out its life
In ling'ring agonies. Of this no more!
My eager muse invites you to the field:
What though beneath the lion's sultry sign
The fervid sun scorch the parch'd earth, abroad
Freely along the wide extended moors,
And on the heath-clad mountain uncon-fin'd
Refreshing breezes blow: thither the grouse
My untir'd footsteps leads, and ere the dews
Collected by the fost'ring night have fled,
I may remit my toil. O let the morn,
Ye sportsmen, let the fresh and whole-some morn,
Whether in Summer's frolic robe array'd
Or Winter's soberer garb, still call you forth!
And if the forespent night have witness'd nought
But healthful fare, and modest temp'rate cups,
Lib'ral, yet chasten'd, full without ex-cess,
No bell, nor loud alarum shall you need,
To rouse you from your sleep, refresh'd and clear,
And ready for the field. Observe the heavens;
Nor yet disdain the aid of the small tube,
Whose metal sensitive inclos'd foretells
The weather's changes. Should the low'ring skies
And hollow winds proclaim approaching rain,
Midway the mountains hunt: if wilder still
Tempestuous gales and driving mists pre-vail,
Still lower—but, when all serene and fair,
The face of Nature nought but smiles displays,
Then to the mountain's summits bend your way.
As up the rugged path I press, how wide
The prospect opens! but not here be-deck'd
From Summer's varied and fantastic loom,
But clad in mantle coarse of sober brown,
And dusky purple mix'd: one homely hue
Stretches unvaried round.
No tow'ring trees
In these rude solitudes diffuse a shade:
Their loss not felt, whilst my observant eye
Follows my ranging setters. How they wind
Along the bending heath! and now they climb
The rocky ridge, where, mid the broken crags,
The whortle's purple berries peep.—
"Take heed,"

The

The pack is near at hand; the wary dogs
Draw slowly on. They stand immoveable,
Backing the leader. Now my pulse beat quick
With expectation, but, by practice train'd,
At once subside, that coolness may assist
My steady aim. Meantime, my well-taught dogs
Enjoy their sett: I hie them in: the birds
On sounding pinions rise, and with affright,
Swift as the winds, make off; yet not so swift
But that the whistling shot o'ertake their flight.
One, flutt'ring, beats the ground with broken wing
And breast distain'd with blood; the rest far off,
Urg'd on by fear, skim o'er the distant moors,
'Till, by the haze obscur'd, my eye no more
Discerns their flight. Vain is their hope of peace,
Their hope of safety vain, tho' by no eye
Observ'd, save the high tow'ring hawks, or larks,
Their fellows of the air; they drop at once,
Then cow'ring run to where the bushy ling
Offers a shelter, or the deep black rut
A safer seeming hold;—each for himself
Seeks a retreat, where, still and close, he lies,
The thund'ring gun yet sounding in his ears.
Short is your respite! with sagacious nose
My dogs far off shall wind you, 'till at length,
Upon your foot advancing, they denote
With steady sett your hiding place.—Again,
Upstarting from the ground, where close they lie
'Till the re-loaded gun shall give them leave,
They bound along, and spreading o'er the heath,
With circling footsteps ply their busy work.
Light is my heart, with joyful hope elate
As I pursue their course; no careful thoughts
Have room to enter: the cerulean sky,
Th' unclouded sun, diffuse a livelier joy;
The very passing breeze, with breath as soft
As youthful virgins breathing purest love,
Whispers delight: nature, and health, and sport,
Life's chiefest goods, are mine—What need I more?
There, where yon rising hillocks mark the spot,
I saw the pack with wings that seem'd declin'd
And intermitted speed; not far from thence
Perchance they lie; ah, no! the rising ground
Must have deceiv'd my eye. Push on my dogs;
Their flight was further still. But Pero stands
With head erect; his fellows strait proclaim
The glad intelligence, distinctly borne
Upon the bosom of the adverse gale.
With steady pace how they draw on, and see
How short that dog has turn'd; with body curv'd
Amost a semicircle, there he stands.
Up springs the game, resounds the well-aim'd gun,
And the swift death seals up his swimming eyes.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

From a very old Copy of Hawkins's Complete Angler.

AN inward love breeds outward talk;
The hound some praise, and some the hawk:
Some, better pleas'd with private sport,
Use tennis—some a mistress court;
But these delights I neither wish,
Nor envy, while I freely fish.

Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride;
Who hawks, lures off both far and wide.
Who uses games shall often prove
A loser; but who falls in love
Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's snare:—
My angle breeds me no such care.

Of recreation, there is none
So free as fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess:
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study too.

I care

I care not, I, to fish in seas,
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate:
In civil bounds I fain would keep,
And for my past offences weep.

And when the timorous trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
How poor a thing, sometimes, I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind:
And when none bite, I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

But yet, though while I fish I fast,
I make good fortune my repast,
And thereunto my friend invite,
In whom I more than that delight;
Who is more welcome to my dish
Than to my angle was my fish.

As well content no prize to take,
As use of taken prize to make:
For so our Lord was pleased when
He fishers made fishers of men;
Where, which is in no other game,
A man may fish and praise his name.

The first men whom our Saviour dear,
Did chuse to wait upon him here,
Blest fishers were, and fish the last
Food was, that he on earth did taste;
I therefore strive to follow those,
Whom he to follow him hath chose.

LINES

On the Chancellor of the Exchequer making Woodcocks and Snipes Game.

THE woodcocks and snipes t'other eve met together,
To talk o'er the news of the day,
When the president, shaking indignant each feather,
Cry'd, " List, friends, to what I've to say:—

" By the Chiefs of this land we've been deem'd a rich prize.
" We have flown far to pamper their wills;
" And, year after year, when they wanted supplies,
" We were all on the wing with LONG BILLS.

" Nay, so much were we lik'd, at the feasts of the great,
" Tho' I never before of it boasted,
" That Princes and Lords of our merits would prate,
" And even our TRAILS have they TOASTED.

" But now they may cry up a crow or woodpecker,
" Their owls and their pies, great and small,
" For the Chancellor vile, of the British Exchequer,
" Has fairly MADE GAME of us all."

By this story depress'd, they all slowly took wing,
For to fly fast they seem'd quite unable,
And each took this oath—" BY THE SWEET WATER-SPRING,
" I'LL BE SHOT, if I e'er grace his table."

THE GREENLAND HUNTER.

A MASQUERADE SONG.

COLD are the breezes on Greenland's coast,
Where breakers of ice meet the billow;
But love is the Greenland hunter's host,
His pole star, his pilot, his pillow.
Joyous he welcomes the solar ray,
Dancing the twilight all away.

When the sun o'er his hazy horison rides,
In his radiant course thus surrounding;
In his fur-clad sledge, through the vallies he slides,
Where the bear and the beaver are bounding.
How jovial the sport of a Greenland day,
Hunting the six months' sun away.

Pale is the light of the polar star,
From the chase that directs him so weary;
When the sun in the ocean sinks his car,
And consigns him to darkness so dreary;
Then how sweet in the arms of his love to lay,
Slumbering the six months' night away.